



NOVEMBER

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MOTIVE

motive

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FRONT COVER ART: DRAWING BY BEN MAHMOUD depicts the loneliness of man in our society but also something of the searching hope he expresses.

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A LITANY

O GOD, we have considerable doubts in our minds about the way You are running the universe.

Is there any chance that You will show Your mercy to us, O Lord?

.....

FROM a universe where things can be extremely unpleasant,

Deliver us, Good Lord.

FROM everything that calls from us courage and endurance,

Deliver us, Good Lord.

FROM all ignorance, insecurity, and uncertainty,

Deliver us, Good Lord.

FROM all personal needs that give the love of others a chance to find expression,

Deliver us, Good Lord.

FROM suffering the balloon of our pride to be pricked, from suffering the castle of our self-satisfaction to be attacked, from suffering the thunder of our egotism to be stilled,

Deliver us, Good Lord.

FROM all the vicissitudes and deprivations that throw us back upon You,

Deliver us, Good Lord.

.....

WE MISERABLE owners of increasingly luxurious cars, and ever-expanding television screens, do most humbly pray for that two thirds of the world's population which is undernourished;

You can do all things, O God.

WE WHO SEEK to maintain a shaky civilization do pray most earnestly that the countries which suffer exploitation may not be angry with the exploiters, that the hungry may not harbour resentment against those who have food, that the downtrodden may take it patiently, that nations with empty larders may prefer starvation to communism, that the "have-not" countries may rejoice in the prosperity of those that have, and that all people who have been deeply insulted and despised may have short memories;

You can do all things, O God.

.....

—from **HE SENT LEANNESS**, a book of prayers for the natural man by David Head, The Macmillan Company, New York, 1959.

politics

in a most political year

BY ROBERT JOHNSON



MY task is doubly difficult. Not only must I address myself to the tempting topic of politics in a most political year; I must also bear the burden of addressing an audience (if we are to believe the observers) who has lost its crusading zeal while our fellow students in Korea, Japan, Cuba and Turkey are improving revolutions. We are the bland generation, the cautious, un-angry men and women who prefer Buddhism to ballots, Kerouac to Kennedy, and the mysterious paradoxes of Kierkegaard and Sartre to the rather blunt encounters of Truman and Nixon. Mort Sahl's humor expresses our disillusionment with the political game a plague on both houses. ("Kennedy is trying to buy the country; Nixon is trying to sell it.")

So lend an ear as I try to lure you away from the intriguing world of art and philosophy to the frustrating world of politics and history. We do face a tough problem here. We do stand accused of retreating from the world of history and political facts to the comfortable womb of nihilism and meaninglessness. Too many of us are paralyzed by fear into the terrible risk of making a decision, and so we either pretend that history is without meaning (and become a Buddhist) or seek out a cozy little ranch house with hi-fi, outdoor grill

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and a little car to wait out the perplexities of history. Jacques Barzun says that with TV, modern man now has "a womb with a view" . . . and this is a frail link to the outer world of reality.

What can we say of this political arena? The arena of reality? If we are in any way uneasy about this label "Christian" that we sometimes wear as a badge, we might first remember that one of the unique claims of the Christian faith is that God has revealed himself through the revealing events of history itself. God's WORD comes to us not as "words," but as EVENT; GOD SPEAKS BY DOING. The Word of God (the *dabhar Jahweh*) came to Moses and Jeremiah and Isaiah in concrete, particular, historical situations; and it is in the vicissitudes of our history—not "In the year King Uzziah died," but in the "years of Lumumba, Castro and the Eisenhower administration"—that we must discern and respond to the presence of God's Word today.

So hear this unnerving call. This call means risk. It means difficult decisions with no guarantee of righteousness. We are called out of the pose of the "objective observer" into the passionate partisanship of political action. The call is more than the timid and hackneyed plea from the pulpit "to vote your conscience—just vote"; it is the call to pull our consciences up by the scruff of the neck before the light of the gospel—and there to come to an understanding not merely of fulfilling one's "civic responsibility," but of *what it means to be human*—of the courage and failure of decisions—to learn something of the tragedy and irony of history. It is to expose ourselves to a God-given *tension*—the tension of man caught between his tragic freedom and the destiny of the Eternal. It is on this thin line of decision that man rests; it is here—between the demands of divine justice and the arbitrary decisions of human justice—that a man comes alive and fully human.

Called into this difficult arena of human history, we shall make our



decisions, and in making our decisions, we shall become men. I see our primary contexts in which our decisions will be formed:

- a) WE ARE CALLED TO DECISION IN A WORLD OF MORAL AMBIGUITIES.
- b) WE ARE CALLED TO DECISION IN A WORLD OF POWER AND POLITICAL STRUCTURES.
- c) WE ARE CALLED TO DECISION IN A WORLD OF INCREASING TECHNICAL FACT.
- d) WE ARE CALLED TO DECISION WITHIN GIVEN STRUCTURES OF GOVERNMENT.

First: WE ARE CALLED TO DECIDE IN A WORLD OF MORAL AMBIGUITIES. What does this mean? Basically, that our choices are not between black and white but mostly shades of gray. It means that political history is not a western novel—with the "good guys" out to get the "bad guys."

Clarence Darrow, the celebrated agnostic, illustrates the fallacy of the "good guy-bad guy" distinction, when he writes of the conviction and imprisonment of Eugene Debs, the pioneer labor leader and founder of the Social Democratic Party. In 1894, Debs led the Pullman Strike in Chicago. The Democratic admin-

istration of Grover Cleveland and Adlai E. Stevenson called out federal troops and sent Debs to prison. Even Woodrow Wilson, the great moralist, refused to pardon Debs. It was left to the administration of Harding and Coolidge to pardon Debs. Darrow wrote in his autobiography: "The truth is no man is black and no man is white. We are all freckled."

So our decisions are made in "fear and trembling" as we try to discern the good, the true amidst the very subtle moral distinctions that are before us.

Not only must we reject the possibility of choosing simply between "the good" and "the bad," we must also reject the "hero" version of history. History is more than the manipulations of great individual heroes. We Americans tend to read it too often as a western novel. We love the simple, generalized, sloganized version of history:

WHO CAUSED THE DEPRESSION—Herbert Hoover
WHO BROUGHT ABOUT NATIONAL RECOVERY?—FDR
WHO LOST CHINA TO THE REDS?—Harry Truman and Dean Acheson's "college of cowardly communist containment" (Nixon)
WHO GOT US INTO THE KOREAN WAR?—Truman
and
SALVATION CAME WITH THE MAGIC WORDS: "I SHALL GO TO KOREA"

Bill Muehl of Yale Divinity has suggested that Americans prefer this "hero's view of history." We loved Douglas MacArthur, like the Lone Ranger, about to cut the Reds off at the Yalu. We love the TV scripts where the *private eye*, the Perry Masons, outsmarts the dumb cops. It is all so neat and unambiguous and American.

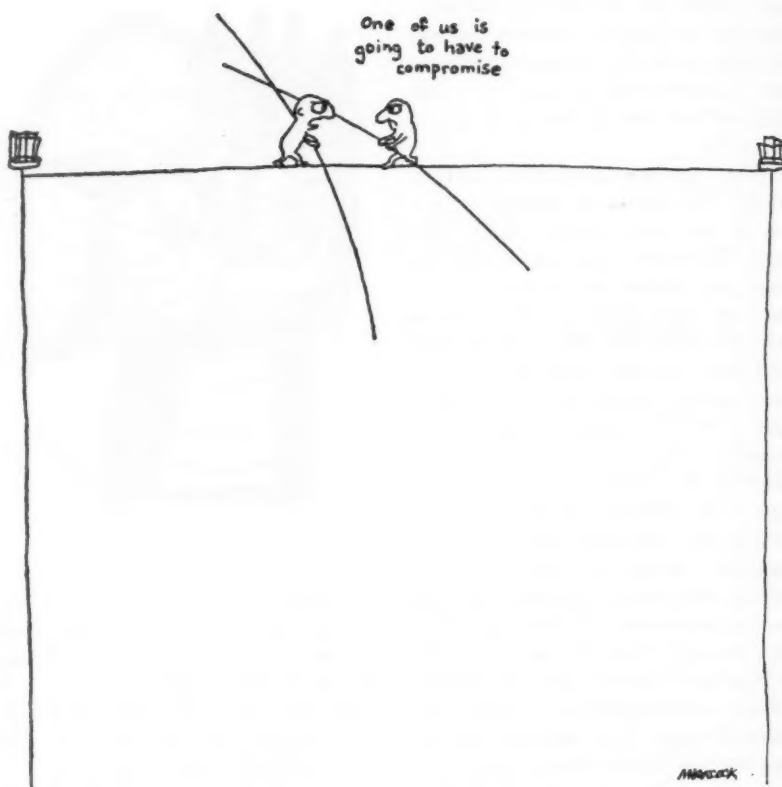
BUT history is so much more. It is an enormous blend of social, economic, religious, and intellectual factors. Who can explain the causes of the Civil War or the Israel-Arab conflict or the rise of Hitler in terms

of any one factor? Or who can lay the blame or the glory upon any one person?

If we take seriously the world we live in—its moral ambiguities, the complexity of history—it is easy to despair—were it not for the sustaining word of the gospel. Only with this whole armor of God, can we dare to make brave decisions in our world. We make them in the awareness that we are never justified by the "rightness" of our motives; indeed, *the Christian is more concerned with the consequences of his action than with the rightness of his motives*. Let us be relevant as well as righteous; and if I must risk an illustration, I would suggest that Rep. Adam Clayton Powell's repeated attempt to amend bills for federal aid to the schools so that no segregated school would receive aid is such an example of unrealistic, irrelevant, unredemptive righteousness. Either way, we must live with an uneasy conscience. A character in T. S. Eliot's play *The Cocktail Party*, says:

"Your business is not to clear your conscience but to learn to bear the burdens of your conscience." So Albert Schweitzer can say: "A good conscience is the work of the devil." And Martin Luther can add: "Sin bravely, but keep a brave faith."

To translate, as Christians, our motivation in any decision is not any simple, provisional law—or set of laws, or ideals, or teachings of Jesus; our motivation should be under the universal imperative of sacrificial love (*agape*). But if *agape* is the motivating force, then contrition is the chief corrective; for before the law of love, we are all unworthy servants, and have all followed too much the devices and desires of our own hearts. This means *compromise*; it means only proximate solutions to the problem of justice rather than ideal utopias. (Recall NAACP's Roy Wilkins at Democratic Platform hearings? "Do right by us! . . . Well, . . . as right as you can.") You cannot escape this: *politics is the art of compromise*. This should not demean the art; it should protect us against illusions.



So day by day, we must choose. We choose, informed by a profusion of facts and armed with the vision of faith. Many of our decisions will be as difficult as the one faced by the captain of the British mine sweeper in Nicholas Monsarrat's *The Cruel Sea*. The crew of a British plane shot from the sky were adrift near his mine sweeper; under them, was a German submarine, knowing the captain would have to kill his countrymen to depth charge the sub. Should he let this Nazi sub escape and risk future destruction from it, or depth charge it and wipe out the British airmen? Is there any simple Christian program of action in this case? Could you provide a blueprint here? This is the common dilemma of the pacifist and the participant in war.

Whether you saw the Korean struggle as a "war" or a "police action," there is no simple answer here. Should we enter the war, killing our fellow men with all the in-

struments of modern war? This surely is a violation of the love commandment. Or, if we stay out, and allow South Koreans to be killed and subject to injustice, we also violate the love commandment which demands justice, and encourage the imperialistic expansion of Red China. Both pacifist and militarist will have an uneasy conscience if they be Christian; and both will be sustained not by the righteousness of their decisions, but by the enabling grace of God.

WE are also called to make our decisions in a *world of power*. Too often Christians think of power only in terms of moral persuasion through sermonical pleas, resolutions and petitions. However, if we are to realistically face a possible 100-year "cold war" and the kind of immediate crises before us in Cuba and the Congo, we cannot afford to ignore the question of power.

Some years ago, after Pope Pius

XII had issued a denunciation of communism, Soviet Premier Joseph Stalin asked: "How many divisions does the Pope have?" This question raises the effectiveness of a Christian witness relying primarily on moral suasion, education and love. Although we are strongly convinced that Christian ideals are meant to be operative in society, we hesitate to express these ideals in acts that inevitably mean coercion, calculation and compromise.

This should not mean that moral persuasion alone is bound to fail. We are well aware of the impact of Gandhi's passive nonresistance upon the British Empire. Indian independence was the fruit of the persistence of Gandhian techniques. But we should keep in mind that these techniques were directed against the collective conscience of an empire rooted in Christian faith. What would have been the result of the same tactics against a Nazi or Soviet totalitarian government? Or to bring the question closer home, how effective have been the idealistic appeals to southern businessmen to serve Negroes at their lunch counters? As against some idealistic Christian social strategies, does not Marx seem to be the wiser in realizing that man is more moved by economic circumstances than moral ideals? In the end, most southern businessmen decided on purely economic grounds.

And here we should recognize the profound theological sensitivity revealed in the social strategy of Martin Luther King. Here is a man who understands the limits and possibilities of power. He has responsibly and contritely exercised moral power through the structures of political and economic power, and although a rigorous idealist, he has won the praise of Reinhold Niebuhr for his political and theological perceptiveness.

Yet it is quite apparent that many present-day Christians are squeamish about employing power (political, economic or social) for valid moral ends. They have yet to recog-

nize that there is no politics but power politics, which is not to say that politics is amoral or that might makes right, but only that principles are irrelevant if not incarnate in acts employing power. The church has been paralyzed long enough by the perfectionists who wail "if only we'd love one another, etc."

Demagogues are not so naive. The late Senator Pat McCarran, co-author of the restrictive McCarran-Walter immigration bill and often an ally of Senator Joseph McCarthy, was subject to numerous resolutions of censure from groups of good will all over the nation. McCarran was never much impressed by 30,000 letters of protest to his Washington office; but 3,000 votes in the general election in Nevada would have permanently retired him from the Senate.

Still we hesitate. Should Christians—church members in a local parish—be so bold as to get involved in not only politics but *partisan* politics? It means hurting people, doesn't it? It means possibly being wrong? Of course, it does; for these are the risks that go with our humanity.

We cannot continue under the illusion that we can live the pure life without encountering the perils of compromise, coercion and calculation of the power God has given us. Often the purist throws the text at the advocate of the *realpolitik*: "It must needs be that offenses come; but woe unto that man by whom the offense cometh" (Matthew 18:7), which is supposed to imply that we shouldn't act if it offends anyone. This denies the positive possibilities

of political power and undercuts genuine moral discrimination. A truly democratic government rests upon the conflict of power and self-interest. Any justice in labor-management relations presupposes the exercise and balance of power. Our government tri-sected into the legislative, judicial and executive branches is so established as to provide checks and balances against the unlimited use of power; and democracy would not exist without the open balances of power. Reinhold Niebuhr gives us the classic theological statement of the foundation of democratic government: "Man's capacity for justice makes democracy possible; man's capacity for evil makes it necessary."

To be sure, once we recognize that we decide in a world of power and moral ambiguity, we run the danger of confusing means and ends. Alexander Miller offers this help:

It is doubtful in point of fact whether Christian faith prescribes either means or ends. It sets tasks, political tasks among others. And if we must use the means-ends formula in relation to politics, then we must say that in politics the end always does justify the means, provided the end is a good one and we do not lose the ends in the means.

(*The Renewal of Man*, Doubleday, 1955, p. 123-124)

THEN, there is *THE WORLD OF TECHNICAL FACT*. In facing almost any decision of contemporary political life, we soon become aware that our decision has its technical aspects about which the church or Bible has very little, if anything, to say. At this point, we can in no way pretend that piety or theological astuteness will compensate for tech-





nical ignorance. As we read through the platforms of the political parties, we see the necessity of doing our homework in basic facts. Whether it be farm surpluses, the rate of economic growth, urban renewal, nuclear disarmament, birth control or the exploration of outer space, we cannot begin to morally dissect these issues until we are technically informed.

It is in this sticky, embarrassing area of statistics, estimates and assessments of world resources that the Christian is most tempted to retreat into the womb of "if onlyism." Billy Graham has at times been guilty of this simplistic reduction of acute technical problems to a matter of faith, hope and love. Others, more sophisticated perhaps, have employed tranquilizers to escape this bewildering maze of fact (at the rate of 48 million tranquilizers a year in the U.S.!). If the Christian faith is to be relevant to this world of technical fact, Christians need to do some homework prior to their moments of decision. To illustrate: Christians must take into account the fact that there has been an increase of 600,000,000 in world population since 1945. We must consider the implications of urban growth and blight and the responsibility of the federal government in the area of housing, health and old-age benefits. Nor can we ignore the military scene. By 1961, the U.S.S.R. will have a 3 to 1 lead over the United States in ballistic missiles. While the gross national product of the U.S.S.R. is at present less than half that of the U.S., in the last eight

years their economic growth has increased to four times that of our own. What does this mean in terms of the ideological struggle between the free world and the communist world? What does it mean in terms of our economic rate of growth? It means, at the very least, that we have to inform ourselves as to the issues raised by John Galbraith in his *The Affluent Society* and the studies made by the Rockefeller Foundation.

Before we can make simple moral judgments on the status of Berlin or the recognition of Red China to the U.N., we must clearly see the economic and political consequences of these actions lest we invite further disaster through our good intentions. The matter of Red China is not as simple as either the liberals or the China lobby makes it out to be, and prior even to the problem of "the two Chinas" is the political myth that Chiang is the ruler of some 650,000,000 mainland Chinese—a myth rejected by most Asians and all our allies.

Unfortunately, political campaigns tend to discourage technical discussions of complex issues; they create slogans, rather, for popular consumption. This makes it all the more important for those who are morally concerned to be technically informed.



FINALLY, we make our decisions within the World of Given Political Structures. I will not get into the controversy initiated by St. Paul in Romans 13, as to whether particular forms of government are ordained by God; but surely government itself is an institution with a God-given task. We may disagree on the form of government, but let us be clear that God intends these political structures be used for the task of guaranteeing order and securing justice.

Historically, Christians have followed four basic patterns in relating to the structures of government:

(1) The Christian anarchists have rejected any form of government as an instrument of the devil. They have roots in some of the monastic orders and left-wing Protestant sect groups. Theologically, they would claim that loyalty to Christ allows no allegiance to government. We have seen refined versions of this position in the Jehovah's Witness and William Buckley's *God and Man at Yale*.

(2) Others saw government as primarily a negative function to restrain the inordinate lusts of men. Theologically, this position is best represented by Augustine and Luther. Government is an agency of preservation necessary because of man's sin. This sometimes led to a

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double standard for those who followed Luther. The Christians were to obey the state in temporal matters and the church in "spiritual" matters. We saw the consequences of this posture in Nazi Germany.

(3) As against the negative function of government suggested by Luther and Augustine, Aquinas saw the positive side of government. Beginning with Aristotle, who believed man a "social animal" made for community, Aquinas argued that the government was an agency ordained by God to create order within a community and serve (not merely protect) the people. Indeed, the state, if true to its divinely intended purpose, can be an instrument of grace and even salvation.

(4) Finally, there are those who have tried to maintain a balance between the positive and negative functions of government, drawing upon the theological insight of both Augustine and Aquinas, aware of both the irrational will of man and the natural orders of God. John Calvin stressed that the state was a creation of God both to preserve order and execute God's judgment and reconciliation. Reinhold Nie-

buhr is a contemporary exponent of this point of view.

Since we make our decisions within a representative form of government, we must take these structures seriously and operate within them. How often do Christian students avoid this on the campus. Many would much prefer setting up "Christian" political action groups that duplicate and compete with existing political structures so they can wear their badge rather than becoming responsible, hard-working members of the given power structure of their community.

So we decide day by day. None of our decisions are clear cut; none of them will eradicate the last vestige of corruption. All of them must take seriously the technical facts of the twentieth century.

I began by noting the political paralysis of our generation and its mood of despair and *angst*. There is good reason for this. The old familiar moral landmarks are gone from the contemporary landscape; the reliable guides have disappeared. Nietzsche says the old gods are dead. Sartre says there is no *a priori* meaning in

life and we must give life our own meaning. Martin Buber points to an "eclipse" in the traditional images of God. Walter Lippmann says we have lost all sense of objective reality and "the mandate of heaven." Albert Camus pictures man through the myth of Sisyphus rolling the great stone up the mountain only to have it roll down again.

It is in this philosophic mood of despair that we are called by the Lord of all existence to meet him in his creation, to participate responsibly in its history, and to confirm our humanity through decision. Reinhold Niebuhr gives us a clue to what we can expect in our encounter with history:

Nothing worth doing is completed in our lifetime; therefore, we must be saved by hope. Nothing true or beautiful or good makes complete sense in any immediate context of history; therefore, we must be saved by faith. Nothing we do, however virtuous, can be accomplished alone; therefore we are saved by love. No virtuous act is quite as virtuous from the standpoint of our friend or foe as from our standpoint. Therefore, we must be saved by the final form of love which is forgiveness.

("From Progress to Perplexity," *The Search For America*, ed. by Houston Smith, Prentice-Hall, 1959, p. 146.)





the organization man---a sign of

BY LAWRENCE L. GRUMAN

DURING the first American Revolution our countrymen threw off the shackles of a foreign power, and made freedom and individualism cornerstones of the American way. Now the second American Revolution is coming to a climax as our countrymen are slowly throwing off the shackles of freedom and slipping into a tyranny of their own making. The casualties are high in terms of shattered personal freedoms, destroyed responsibilities and tortured consciences. The danger in this second revolution is increased because it advances imperceptibly — and quite pleasantly. Nonetheless, this revolt is a devastating reality in the midst of our "peace and security."

The Apostle Paul said that when people are saying "peace and security," then sudden destruction will come upon them. For then people are mostly drunk or asleep, insulating themselves against the harsh realities of the struggle. But, con-

tinues Paul, we must be children of the light and remain awake and sober so that we feel the full impact of battle. The clarion call to combat has been sounded by such writers as William Whyte, Alan Harrington, Vance Packard and Russell Lynes, all in books published during the "fabulous fifties."

Whyte, in the *Organization Man*, points out that the organization has become the basic mode of existence in recent years; and an appropriate *organization ethic* has been established to justify the organization's activity. Thus the revered Protestant ethic of individual salvation through thrift, work and competition has been replaced by a social ethic whose key phrases are "adaptation," "belongingness," "group creativity," "group thinking," "socially oriented behavior," and "team work." This shift, insists Whyte, is not an anticipated possibility for 1984 but an accomplished reality in our day. Still,

these neat phrases only represent a pathetic attempt to extract some positive value from the unpleasant fact of decaying individualism.

Alan Harrington, in *The Crystal Palace*, describes the most enlightened of modern corporations where he worked for three years. He points out that he and the rest of his organization men colleagues were insured against every conceivable misfortune, even against that nervousness that comes with individual responsibility. All major decisions in the Palace were made by committee. Few had occasion to work too hard. It was next to impossible to be fired or to be advanced at a rate whose speed might make someone feel inferior.

Vance Packard sighs unhappily over the dreariness of packaged living. Russell Lynes depicts the spiritual lassitude that comes from having too much too soon. And social criticism from other sources backs up

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their analysis: our individualism and personal freedom pivotal to both democracy and Christianity are being seriously threatened. In the wide-awake sobriety of noontime, let us examine the five faces of the new tyranny that we are fashioning.

ONE: it encourages Idolatry or the *Lapse of Loyalty*. The organization's value is actually derivative and functional. As such, the organization is forever finite, but it often demands infinite loyalty. We are asked to put our all, heart, head and hands, into the organization (corporation, institution or agency) for the organization is always right! Aldous Huxley suggests that the organization man ideally displays "dynamic conformity (delicious phrase!), an intense loyalty to the

and indicates that the organization always puts a premium on conservatism. Of course, all controversy is regarded as *ipso facto* bad. So it is that a great portion of the creative research is done outside the organization by private or university enterprise. So, for example, the chemical process crucial to developing Kodachrome film was discovered by two musicians working in a bathroom! As President Griswold of Yale University said, "When God sends down a new idea, he doesn't give it to a committee." Still, if one wants to be promoted in rank, he should avoid doing anything so well that it might threaten anyone else in the organization. Alan Harrington called his corporation "a living cemetery where morals, manners, success, recreation, promotion by committee and retirement are by the book."

Recognizing the stultifying effects of such uniformity, some large companies have successfully insisted that certain blocs of time must be spent by researchers on totally independent projects. But it takes a sizable corporation like Bell Laboratories to sustain such a policy, and even then there is an innate resistance to brilliance. For the most part there is only evidence of favoring the man "who gets along well" over his creative critical colleague.

Three: it ushers in the *Cult of Conformity*. Personal traits that do not fit the pattern must, in the interests of efficiency, be cut off. Clothes, contributions, clubs, hobbies, politics—all come under sharp surveillance. Thus evolution, which has gone to infinite trouble to make us unique, is reversed; and we are bidden to conform to the standard pattern and become little better than automata.

Erich Fromm describes the encroachment of conformity thus: "Contemporary western society, despite its material, intellectual and political progress, is increasingly destructive of mental health and tends to undermine the inner security, happiness, reason and the capacity for love in the individual. It tends to turn him into an automaton who

pays for his human failure with increasing mental sickness and with despair hidden under a frantic drive for work and so-called pleasure."

We suffer from the irony that people who adjust to this abnormal society are themselves called normal, while those dedicated to maintaining individual integrity are regarded as the odd-balls. So, while it has been good to have society's civilizing influence, we must also recognize that society can also extract from us increasingly the freedom to be ourselves . . . or to be anything but what that society dictates.

Four: the organization offers us the *security of size*. Any workman who is financially secure can pursue his task with single-mindedness. So financial security becomes an important provision for any organization. And the larger the organization, the better are its chances to surround its workers with guarantees and benefits. Thus size itself becomes desirable, and we boast of a corporation or institution which is the "largest in its field," simply because of its size.

Dr. C. Wright Mills, in writing about the "power elite," asserts that "Modern technology has led to a society controlled, inconspicuously, by big business and big government. Never have so many been controlled by so few." So have we been lured into sacrificing quality for quantity and we have staked our lives on bigness, whereas our real security can only be found in goodness.

FIVE: it infects us with the *Paralysis of Plenty*. Comfortable cushions of piled up material goods do not challenge us to hard thinking or serious action. The phenomenal efforts of public relations programs and advertising agencies have by their uncritical fervor lulled us into self-adulation. And the recent issue of *Life* magazine on the "good life of leisure" was dismaying because it mirrored our preoccupation with massaging our own laziness. Here virtue was not pictured as related to dedicated efforts of any kind but to

our time . . .

group, an unflagging desire to subordinate himself, to belong."

What about evidence? There's plenty of it. A Protestant minister, writing an article critical of his denomination's national policy decisions, was told "There's no place for opposition in this church, loyal or otherwise." A local radio station took issue with the city government on a key issue and was immediately threatened with loss of its contract to fix its antenna on city property. Just so do we deify the organization, giving it such all-out loyalty that we become dependent on it—and lose our freedom.

Every organization is of value only as it serves a higher good beyond itself. That is to say, every organization is under judgment, and only insofar as it increases justice or goodness is it worthy of our loyalty.

Two: it gives *Majesty to the Mediocre*. Whyte describes this movement as a "fight against genius,"



elaborately intriguing ways of wasting time.

Dostoyevsky asked wistfully in his *Notes from the Underground*: "Does not man, perhaps, love something besides well-being?" And then in a later book he portrays mankind as beseeching a great organization: "Make us your slaves but feed us." To which the head man wisely answers: "Vanquish their freedom but make them happy." The Russian writer proves to be a prophet in his characterization of human weakness, and our prosperous times have allowed this weakness to fully express itself.

Now, these five faces are well disguised so that they appear friendly, making the battle unrecognizable in many quarters. But battle we must, and against the faces of the tyranny outlined above. William Whyte advises in his prescription that we should *fight* the organization. But such advice is both negative and futile if it stands alone. There are some positive steps to be taken by every freedom-fighter.

WE must recognize the necessity of constant tension between the individual and his group. Any man with convictions and ideals stands out from the crowd, for Paul's distinction between children of the light and children of the darkness is accurate. But Paul (in Romans 13) struggles with the deeper problem of subjugating one's self to the authorities: "Let every person be subject to the governing authorities" lest, of course, we enter anarchy. "But put on the Lord Jesus Christ—if we live, we live unto the Lord. . . ." So, a basic conformity is essential, but it must be shot through with higher concerns and unshakable aspiration.

Abraham Lincoln, shortly before he assumed the presidency, reported on his position regarding slaves: "I confess I hate to see the poor creatures hunted down and caught and carried back to their stripes and their unrequited toil. But I bite my lips and keep quiet. I am one of the great body of northern people who crucify their feelings to preserve the Union and the Constitution." But the lip biting came to an end and a great

war was fought because feelings must not be forever crucified. Now if these feelings are to be invigorated, if individual worth is to be confirmed regularly, if the springs of personal integrity are to be kept clear, I wonder whether there is a better place for it to happen than in the church? And if any person is to make a voluble protest against the practices of some organization, is there any place where he is more likely to be accepted in spite of his individuality than in the church? And when an outburst of personal freedom leaves scars on one's spirit or on the community, is there any place where he is more apt to find forgiveness than in the fellowship of his church? Just as the Christian faith mediates forgiveness for moral compromises we are compelled to make, it also conveys forgiveness to the overzealous protestor. A positive relationship to a Christian fellowship (i.e., the church) provides one significant means to keeping the tension between the person and his organization at a fruitful level. (And, by the way, every Christian fellowship will

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do well to see how effectively it stimulates, accepts and forgives.)

Some direct means of setting free one's personal moral influence must be found. In contrast to the limited personal expression allowed within an organization, some area of unrestricted assertion needs to be found. The organization man can engage in church and community activities as a free creative agent. Entirely apart from his primary organizational attachment, he needs to put his deepest concerns into full play. It will do little good to engage in community activities with the same lock-step attitude he exhibits at work. The loyalty given to the human organization must be matched with a higher loyalty to something beyond any organization. For Christians, this is the kingdom of God.

ALSO, it is essential that one lives out the faith he professes with absolute integrity. Whatever minimum commitment a man can make, that far he must live with consistency. Some basic convictions he may be committed to as a Christian are these: The Lord alone will be exalted; Christ is my Savior; Man is imperfect, always under judgment; God alone is my refuge and my strength. Each of these gives a negative judgment on the pretensions of any human organization at the outset, but each implies a great deal more. But it is within the framework of these convictions that we must work out our true salvation as children of God.

No, the organization will not save us. It will make us useful for its own ends; it will civilize us, humble us, and wake us up to our social responsibilities. But for all the good the organization does, it cannot give us a purpose for our life; it cannot deal with the depths of our existence; and it cannot transform nor redeem our lives. Only our relationship with God can do this. So we will not fight the organization so much as we will resist the confusion and idolatry promoted by the organization, recognizing that our primary loyalty is to the eternal kingdom of God.

November 1960

contributors

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LOUISE STOLTENBERG sent this manuscript from the heart of Vienna, where she was visiting her son in a Brethren-Mennonite service project. She is consultant in the Department of Religion in Higher Education, Pacific School of Religion.

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TOM LORD, a Texan, graduated last June from S.M.U. and this fall began a B.D. program at Yale. He is on the council of the National Conference of the Methodist Student Movement, and was a Methodist delegate to the N.S.C.F. Assembly which he reports.

LOUIS MILES' poetry has appeared in *motive* before. He graduated from the Boston University School of Theology, was director of the Wesley Foundation at Southern Oregon College in Ashland, then returned to Boston for additional graduate study.

LINCOLN ADAIR applies the term "free-lancer" to himself in several areas besides writing. He has acted, lectured, operated his own summer theater and publicity business, produced and directed documentary

films, and even done a stint in a gray flannel suit at a Madison Avenue advertising agency. Now in public relations work, he lives in New York City.

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ARTISTS IN THIS ISSUE:

BEN MAHMOUD is assistant instructor of art at Ohio University at Athens.

JEAN PENLAND, a Methodist and an artist in Nashville, did the art on page 2.

JIM CRANE, art professor at Teacher's College, River Falls, Wisconsin, not only does cartoons but drawings as well; pages 3, 6, 10, 28.

MALCOLM HANCOCK is from Great Falls, Montana. His cartoon is on page 4.

JACK KELLAM, a professor of art at Centre College, Danville, Kentucky, did the drawing on page 5.

MARGARET RIGG, pages 7, 11, 12, 15.

ROBERT CHARLES BROWN, a student artist from Connecticut, does art work for several religious publications. His work is on pages 8, 26, 31, 34, and 39.

GREGOR THOMPSON GOETHALS, free-lance artist and art consultant, is from Louisiana and did the drawing on page 14.

CLARENCE GIESE, a frequent contributor to *TODAY* magazine, did the drawings on pages 30 and 33.

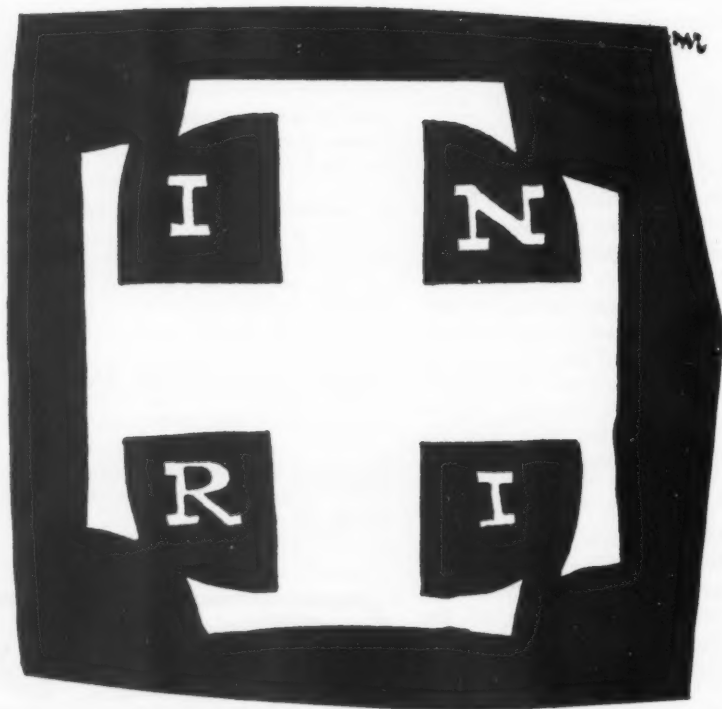


THE central concern of modern man in regard to religion is, How can I believe? or, perhaps, How do I believe? This matter has assumed crucial importance in a sophisticated day when logic, rationality, and science reign supreme.

Who, after all, can avoid thinking virtually wholly in rational, logical, cause-effect terms in trying to comprehend the world? Who in his right mind would want to do otherwise? We are creatures of our culture and as such are dominated by scientific thought. We, for example, do not make the mistake of the Greeks who thought that iron sank

the problem of believing

BY LOUISE STOLTENBERG



in water either because it was seeking its proper place or was obedient to its potency; we know the scientific explanation of this phenomenon. The Greeks thought of nature as a whole living organism and talked much about Final Causes. Since the time of the great scientist Newton until very recently we have tended to think of nature as a great machine. And, after all, a machine is not too difficult to explain for its causes are wholly contained within it; Final Cause becomes a meaningless term.

It has been easy for some persons to make the idea of the machine applicable to the human person, this being probably what was in the mind of the doctor when he asserted that he had operated on hundreds of human beings during his lifetime and never once found a human soul! If it could not be found, described, and labeled it could not exist, as far as he was concerned. To this doctor the biblical words "In Him (God) we live and move and have our being" would be sheer nonsense, for it would be impossible to secure objective evidence to support such a concept.

Every intelligent person ought to summon the courage to face this

motive

critical issue: *Is scientific, rational "knowing" (meaning here verifiable knowledge) the only kind of knowing there is?* If so, what kind of problems does this create in regard to *religious belief*? If not, what other kinds of knowing are there?

Both Sigmund Freud and Bertrand Russell have taken unqualified positions on this question. Says Freud: "No, science is no illusion; but it would be an illusion to suppose that we could get anywhere else what science cannot give us." And the words of Russell: "Whatever knowledge is attainable, must be obtained by scientific methods; whatever science cannot discover, mankind cannot know." Both men obviously have rejected religion in its commonly understood terms as valid.

These were of course merely opinions of these two men; neither attempted to offer any proof. Other great minds have approached the problem differently. While maintaining the superiority of rational, scientific knowledge they have insisted that such knowledge need not rule out religion but rather may be appropriated to support it. So we come to the natural theologians—thinkers who have maintained, by and large, that the existence of God can be deduced from an observation of the natural world.

These persons are delighted with the findings of science and deny that they contradict religious understanding. "The heavens declare the glory of God," the Psalmist long ago declared, but modern science has shown the Psalmist hardly knew the half of it! With the invention of the telescope and the amazing development of mathematics the universe has expanded in size beyond the wildest imaginings of any man. Surely the wonders of nature testify to the *Great Designer*, is the conviction of the natural theologian. Moreover, it seems quite logical to argue from nature itself for the existence of the *Great Purposer*, since purpose seems in so many places to be apparent. The intricacy and marvel of the human hand and eye are often cited as phenomena which cannot possibly

be accounted for on the grounds of pure chance.

For many of these persons (but not all) this natural theology which posits God seems to lead easily to a specific faith—Christianity. That is, natural theology can be used to support Christianity. "All nature is needed that Christ should be understood; Christ is needed that all nature should be seen as Holy," says one modern writer.

OTHER thinkers have asserted that man's experiencing of nature—that which happens to him personally—can naturally lead to religious belief. They would, for example, point out that there are often three complementary elements interacting within a single experience of the natural world, these being the physical, aesthetic, and religious. A beautiful sunset, for instance, may be experienced in three ways: first, as a physical event in terms of wave lengths, frequencies, and so forth; second, aesthetically in terms of color, harmony, and beauty; and third, religiously as the "holy."

While there is no doubt that natural theology may be legitimately employed to support religious belief and to show that science offers no impediments to a religious assumption, I should like to point out what I consider to be the grave weaknesses of natural theology. *First, the natural theologian speaks "after the fact," that is, after he has accepted his religious position.* This is not really a basic criticism of him, since no one can speak from a vacuum, but it does require a bit of caution in evaluating his power to convert others to his viewpoint. Actually it means that his arguments are largely *supportive* of Christianity rather than *convictive*. It hardly seems that they would ordinarily have the strength to induce the hardened skeptic to change his basic orientation of life from a nonreligious to a theistic one. In other words, the natural theologian sees the holy in the sunset because he has accepted an assumption which predicates the existence of the hallowed. A nonreligious person

might well experience wonder and awe in the sunset but not see it in the holy. I fear that a religious experience of the holy in a sunset will only convince those who are already convinced!

Second, a religion that is limited by reason obviously cannot give information about that which is beyond reason. This is the insuperable problem. It simply is not within the power of a purely natural theology to "pull it off" when it comes to delivering the genuine religious article, if we mean by this a particular faith—such as Christianity. For the basic categories of Christianity lie outside of time and space, in other words, beyond ordinary reason.

The order and design of the universe may well posit the need for a God; even Aristotle saw this. But, so what! This will reveal absolutely nothing about the nature of this God—that in which we have most intense interest. Let us face it; none of the basic propositions of Christianity is adducible by natural reason. What can scientific or rational knowing tell us of itself about the nature of the redemptive act of Jesus Christ, for example? The answer is, *nothing*. It cannot make the final, all-important leap from hypotheses supportive of religion to *particular religious affirmations*. This requires another kind of knowing.

SAYS Karl Heim: "At root, then, there are only two general conceptions of the world for us to choose between. All philosophies, nihilism, materialism, monism, mechanism, evolutionism, spiritualism, idealism, and the rest, are always merely variants of one or other of these basic forms. The first of these two general conceptions is pure, consistent and mature secularism, which in all fields reckons only with relative values and finite quantities of energy. The other general conception is the belief in the living and personal God who governs all things."

Heim explicitly asserts that which most people probably only vaguely feel—that every philosophy of life

is either religious or secular. Of course the secularist has no problem in discovering the content of his philosophy, for the natural world lies at hand to supply it in a presumably adequate fashion. But the critical question is, How shall the religious person who, by the way, uses also categories of reason, go *beyond* these to establish the grounds of his faith?

The answer has been throughout the ages: *through intuition and revelation* the most momentous truths of life are apprehended. Incomprehensible as it may seem to the nonreligious, the believer will often insist that the information he secures by these means is for him his most certain knowledge, for he grasps it with his whole person—mind, will and spirit—rather than as mere intellectual propositions.

Perhaps we should note, however, that secularists will defend intuition and revelation as ways of knowing too, if it will be agreed that such information comes wholly from the person himself (not from "beyond") and if this knowledge ultimately coincides with a rational understanding of the world. Who could ever guess how many invaluable scientific insights have originated as intuitions? An artist sits before his canvas in despair, not knowing how to proceed when there is a sudden inspiration—yes, even a revelation, he might boldly claim—and the puzzle is solved.

Yet this is not exactly the kind of knowing with which we are now concerned. Most persons who read these pages are at least familiar with Christianity. *Christianity is a religion of revelation*. It makes the daring claim that God who is beyond time and history has yet spoken to the world through the biblical writers and, pre-eminently, through the life of his Son, Jesus Christ and the Holy Spirit. By means of such revelation, the nature and will of God has been, and is being, vouchsafed to man.

Do I hear someone saying, "Absurd! How do you really know this God exists and that you can know his so-called will?" This is exactly

the point. Such *cannot* be known in wholly rational and scientific terms; the knowing of it is essentially a mystery, best comprehended in the word faith. Yet untold millions of people have bound themselves willingly to a religious view of life. No doubt their personal experiences, objective knowledge, temperament, training, and so forth, have conditioned them and directed them to a considerable degree, but in the long run their religious assent presumably has been based on an acceptance of *revelatory knowledge as valid*. *Through human intuitive processes the truths of revelation are recognized; by the instrument of faith these truths are sealed*. Faith often consummates a process marked by long periods of agony and despair.

For most Christians the biblical revelation is sufficient; they expect no unique personal experiences of a revelatory character. But there are religious persons—mystics and others—who do report unusual personal experiences, the origins of which they claim lie in the "world beyond." They are serenely confident of this regardless of all the eyebrow raising that may go on. No, they insist, the experience did not come wholly from themselves—its source went *even beyond* their unconscious! Nor was it the result of something they ate or the sun being too hot.

The content of such an experience will be of such a nature that it cannot be objectively validated. An individual may have a revelatory experience as a result of which he *knows* with all his being that God is love. But since God is not even an object of rational knowledge, it would be rather difficult to demonstrate empirically to those who are skeptical that he loves! If everybody could have this same particular experience of knowing there would be no problem; no one would feel compelled to try to convince another person of it. *The nature of religious intuitive and revelatory knowing is deeply personal and unique*. It cannot be universalized or generalized as a scientific principle. It is the experienter's

motive



experience alone; no matter how desperate his longing to give it in all of its fullness to another he can do nothing more than to offer it as a secondhand gift. Even biblical writers cannot go further than to proclaim their truths and hope that through some mysterious process (many believe God-initiated) the hearer may be convinced.

HOW, then, do persons know? Obviously there is no unanimity on this question. But we can say this much: *the manner in which a person answers this question disposes him to a particular view of the world.* Freud and Russell, for example, by limiting knowledge to science automatically ruled out religion—at least religion with supernatural premises. Others have accepted the superiority of rational, scientific knowing but have alleged that they can still discover and sustain a naturalistic religion (nonsupernatural) even if they cannot defend legitimately within their own terms a theistic, Christian faith. Many, many others claim that only through revelatory knowledge are the supreme truths of life known with certainty.

IN the long run, then, this matter of *how we know* must itself be decided on the basis of *faith* by each individual, because there is no objective proof for any particular view. The assertions made by Freud and Russell that science alone can provide knowledge, are passionate declarations of their faith. Neither man offered any proof. For that matter, how could one possibly prove that science alone is and will be the sole path to knowledge? Where would one ever find the evidence to support such an unlimited claim?

Surely it is apparent that on this issue, and indeed on all the most basic issues of life, there are no clear, objective answers which men may happily and comfortably grasp. Who are we? Why are we in the world? What if anything lies beyond the material world? And: *How may we know these things?* Alas, why must the universe be so silent on these

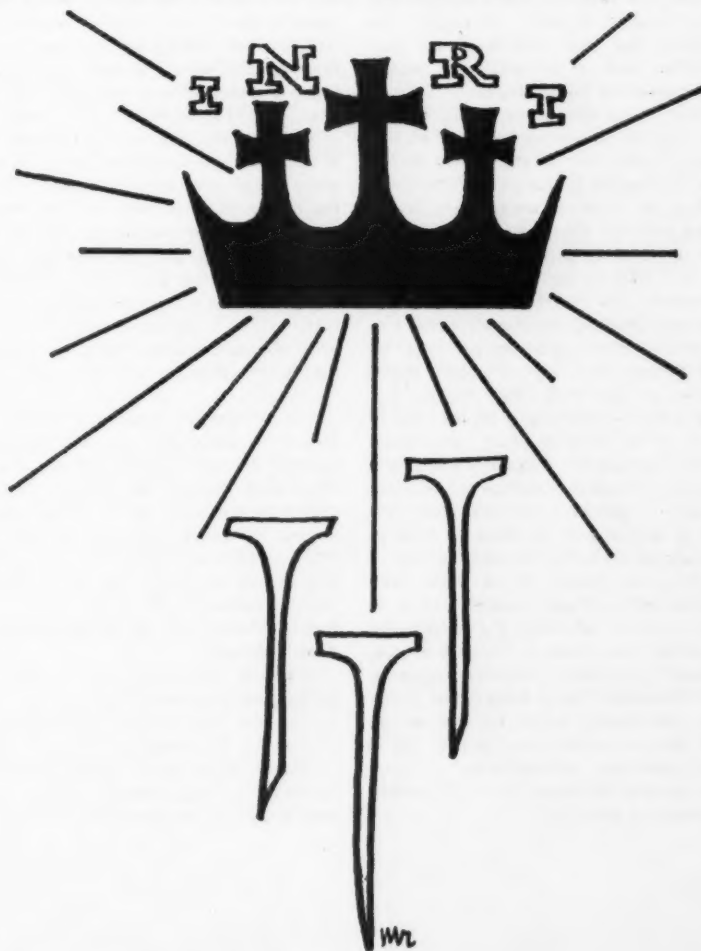
crucial points; why must it force us, in spite of our ardent longings for certainty and objectivity, to resort to faith?

For in the end this is our dilemma: *We cannot avoid faith.* Faith is the key to all the ultimate issues of life—for *secularist and religionist alike.* What an absurdity that proud modern man standing in the midst of his unbelievable scientific accomplishments is confronted with the helplessness of this same science to solve his deepest and most urgent problem of finding the *meaning* of life. (But, nevertheless, how fortunate is that person who understands the situation and responds to it creatively.)

There are, as we have seen, only two main philosophies of life. While God cannot be proved, because by his nature he lies beyond science and factual knowledge, neither, it should always be remembered, can he be

disproved. The secularist has a right to his faith, but let the religious person not forget to press his claims, too.

Indeed, the great danger is that in this modern day, dominated by scientific thinking, even the Christian himself becomes so enamored with and so habituated to scientific modes of thought that he easily forgets that the basis of his faith goes—*must go*—beyond the limits of science and the natural world for its grounding. Thus he unthinkingly shuts the doors to experiences and concepts that might well establish life on a deeper and richer level. He, sad to say, essentially ignores the kind of knowing which alone yields ultimate truth. In short, the danger is that there may really be no sharp difference between the faith of the secularist and the faith of the person who supposes himself to be a Christian.



JOSE CLEMENTE OROZCO:

BY MARGARET RIGG

OROZCO is a giant of twentieth-century art. His work must be compared in our time with the work of Pablo Picasso and Georges Rouault in order to suggest his importance. But even this does not fully present his reach as an artist—his murals have the power of Michaelangelo.

Writing about Orozco in 1950, Marion Junkin said in his motive article, "Mexico produced Orozco out of the sinews of her culture. To explain Orozco in any other way is useless, as it seems unnecessary to explain his paintings. Can you explain a storm, a rose, a volcano, or a lovely child? Not unless you want to pull the petals off and be a scientist. At Dartmouth College when Orozco was painting his murals some students asked him to explain his paintings. He looked puzzled and hurt. 'Explain them? Why they are just there.' Yes, they are just there and in a world hanging on the edge of an H or an A, when pessimism and uncertainty blot out dreams of security and peace, it gives one a surge of exaltation to know that a one-armed painter could rise above the defeat of Europe and the facts of America to produce an art full of life and humanity."

In this new decade of the sixties with economic and spiritual ferment boiling in young countries all over the world, the revolutionary expression in Orozco's art can be viewed with more immediate appreciation in the United States than it was in the thirties and forties when he was at his height. We can see his paintings now, not as radical emotional commentaries on provincial uprisings in Mexico, but as something of a prophecy, universal.

JOSE Clemente Orozco was born in 1883 and died in 1949. His native town was Zapotlan, Jalisco, the state of which Guadalajara is the capital. He first studied agriculture, then architecture and architectural drawing. But when he was twenty-six he began painting without instruction. Six years later, in 1915, he held his first exhibition in Mexico City. His work was denounced. It disturbed the "academy" critics and the upper social sets, who condemned him for his crudeness. Especially at that time his style was not the fashion and his series of forceful drawings portrayed the humanity of the women of the underworld, showing the degradation to which they are reduced by society. (The same had happened in Europe with Rouault's sympathetic paintings of prostitutes, when he exhibited them.)

But in spite of disapproval Orozco continued his work and in 1922 he started painting frescoes (murals) in the National Preparatory Schools in Mexico City, and others in the Casa de Azulejos, and the Federal Vocational School in Veracruz. From 1927 to 1934 he lived in the United States and painted murals at the New School for Social Research, New York; Pomona College, California; and in Dartmouth College, New Hampshire.

Orozco's visit to the United States was an unhappy experience for him; he reacted against the North American culture and philosophy. Returning to Mexico in 1934, he did his mural in the Palace of Fine Arts, Mexico City, and others in Guadalajara. He had always done some easel painting but

after the Guadalajara murals he turned to easel painting entirely.

Everything Orozco had to say to the world, he had said with his brush, from 1909 until his death. His fearless, convincing and scorching condemnation of all false heroes and leaders and his undeviating defense of the exploited have not pleased the bourgeois world. But his sincerity and genius have imposed themselves, and his canvases have won a place among the ranks of the few internationally great artists of his time.

Orozco has made us see political and economic revolution bringing judgment to bear upon the situations which the church and Christianity had grown indifferent to. We chose not to see the rise of the demagogues, the filth and hunger in the slums. Western Christianity passed these by on the other side. Especially Protestantism which did very little to bring physical or spiritual help to Mexico in revolution, either before or after 1910. But artists Orozco and Rivera and Siqueiros interpreted what was happening there and gave early warning which we are only now beginning to take seriously with rising Congo, Japan, China, and Cuba revolutions. Orozco's message is very much like what Milton Mayer calls the "Profane Reformation, bent so terribly upon accomplishing the alteration of society as the Sacred Reformation accomplished the alteration of the Church." This art, then, flings a challenge at Christianity. "We shall see if the Profane Reformation can be informed by a Church which has either its faith or nothing. We shall see what Christianity can do without Cadillacs."

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artist of revolution



SELF PORTRAIT 1938

COLLECTION, GISELE SHAW, BUENOS AIRES, ARGENTINA.

OROZCO

Again, returning to what Marion Junkin said of Orozco in 1950 (because we did not understand it then): "There is a lesson for America in Orozco's art but it is probably too late. His is a fusion of aesthetics with life. Religion, music, art and poetry are things for the American to add to life after other more physical things are achieved. To the Mexican art and life are one and the same and art becomes a daily necessity. His clothes, his walls, his practical utensils are all so beautiful and exciting. But to us these are incidental. In America it is relatively easy to get typing taught but art instruction is a different matter. Why pay taxpayers' money for frills? We do not create beautiful violent murals on our A&P walls. . . .

"The Spanish passion and fierce emotional nature are felt in the flaming vibrant compositions of Orozco, and a comparison of his work with the meticulous work of the American Charles Sheeler will show the difference in temperament. The Anglo-Saxon is predominantly Puritan and Protestant with strong emphasis in his religion upon the sins of the flesh. There is no such philosophy behind the work of Orozco. It is full blooded and every line and form breathe a full acceptance of life. It can be said that great intellect is here but directed by a great passion. This passion is for humanity."

Of course, since 1950, American painters such as Pollock, de Kooning, Hartigan and Guston have come to prominence and we see reflected there something of this surging dynamic quality. But without faces. They have been obliterated (which is another story in itself). But in Orozco's paintings, as in the great works of Picasso and Rouault, the faces and forms remain, burst into our world, disturb us in our security.

OROZCO allowed himself to look where it is hard to look. He became inspired by the contemporary social struggle—anxieties, tragedies, crimes, betrayals, demagogisms. And often, there in the midst, is a pure one, an innocent, who will go as far as the sacrifice (Human Sacrifice). We see false religion and machines of warfare mocking the cross, now crushed by a victorious Christ who is strangely fierce (Christ Destroying His Cross). There is the terrible head, shot through with arrows, suffering silent death (Wounded Head). And with grim and humorous crushing satire, one of the most characteristic aspects of Orozco's genius, he depicts the folly of the proud, false leaders (The Demagogues) in a tragic union of all political jugglers. And with the same power he shows biblical scenes with marvelous majesty (Stoning of Stephen, Raising of Lazarus). It is hard to believe that these last two are rather small paintings.

All this is said in Orozco's plastic language, full of passion and grandeur yet face to face with exposed reality . . . and purpose. So, it is time to take a new look at this man's work in the light of 1960.



THE DEMAGOGUES

HUMAN SACRIFICE



motive



STRUGGLING MANKIND (detail of fresco panel)

NATIONAL PALACE OF FINE ARTS, MEXICO CITY

November 1960



left:

THE CEMETERY

COLLECTION OF THE MODERN

bottom left:

WOUNDED HEAD

PALACE OF FINE ARTS

bottom:

PEACE 1930

COLLECTION OF THE MODERN



motive

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otive

November 1960

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STONING OF STEPHEN



CHRIST DESTROYING HIS CROSS 1932

BAKER LIBRARY, DARTMOUTH COLLEGE

November 1960



RAISING OF LAZARUS

PALACE OF FINE ARTS, MEXICO CITY

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can modern art survive its friends?

BY KATHARINE KUH

THE SPEED with which modern art has swept from tatters to tails, from mutters of blasphemy to roars of acclaim, from anonymity to the glare of publicity, may bespeak a battle won too soon and too well. Oversold and emasculated by its very success, the art of our times is more endangered by its own camp than by its enemies. A bare twenty-five years ago it was virtually impossible to find a tolerant audience for contemporary art. Now the situation is reversed. Today it is equally difficult to find a responsive audience for works of the past, unless they happen to be primitive artifacts directly related to modern painting and sculpture.

Anyone in the know (an astonishing number, these days) ticks off names like Dufy, Vlaminck, Picasso, Rouault, Braque, and Miró with easy familiarity. Who cares if facts are sometimes inexact, judgments hasty, and prices wildly irrational? Only the most infrequent collector concerns himself with any period other than the present or the immediate past. And since new art movements multiply with bewildering speed, adequate time for the study of earlier works is impossible if current and more fashionable developments are to be conscientiously pursued.

That devoted band of pioneers (artists, dealers, collectors, museum people, teachers) who in the twenties and thirties fought to promote the art of their own times certainly did not intend to slam the door on the past. It is their converts, oddly, who have become obsessive. The enthusiast of some thirty years ago felt no disloyalty to contemporary artists by recognizing their forefathers. What, indeed, would Picasso have done without Velasquez, Cranach, Grünewald, and Delacroix? What would Modigliani have done without Botticelli? Léger without Poussin? Dali and Ensor without Bosch? Braque without Chardin and Mondrian without Saenredam? How can these men be intelligently understood without some knowledge

of their heritage? For art does not grow from life alone; it also grows from art.

ONE is repeatedly shocked today by the lack of reasonable comparative values. A market, for example, which prizes and prices superficial regatta scenes by the ubiquitous Dufy above rarer and more substantial works by say, Géricault, or values a shimmering Pissarro landscape above deeply felt religious compositions by Ribera, Murillo, or Zurbarán seems on dubious ground. The imbalance results less from routine economic problems of supply and demand than from a sudden surge of relatively inexperienced buyers volubly abetted by experienced if unblushing publicists. Recently a New York dealer, in issuing a press release to introduce a new artist, used the following excerpt from an article in *Time* magazine.

Over Dusseldorf last week, a dark beetle-browed young man leaned from the window of a low-flying Cessna and shoveled out handbills by the thousand. "Everything moves. Nothing stands still," they proclaimed. "Stop building cathedrals and pyramids which crumble like lumps of sugar! Stop resisting changeability! Be free! Live!" In the streets below, one man picked up a copy, read it, then shook his fist at the plane. Artist Jean Tinguely, 33, was delighted. "Some will say, 'very good.' Others will object. The over-all result will be just what I wanted: total confusion."

This young man must have learned his lesson well from that sensational self-publicist Salvador Dali, who is now purported to value one of his recent works (and a poor one) at \$250,000. In this case the battle has been sadly overwon, for Dali, despite public gymnastics, was once a penetrating and inventive painter who made an illustrious contribution to the art of our century. It would seem today that the more shallow his work, the higher the price.

With the battle won and public acceptance growing, one questions why at precisely this time premonitions of sterility appear. Originally we had hoped a hesitant public would learn to enjoy the art of its own time, arguing that to understand the present is as pressing as to

appreciate the past, that in reality there is no separation. The logical continuity we sought was dissipated, history becoming partisan as the last hundred years suddenly turned into an isolated phenomenon. And this is not to deny the illuminating and productive character of these eventful years. Originally we hoped better-trained, unbiased eyes would embrace fresh ways of seeing a dynamic, changing world. What we did not seek was a periphery of novelty, noise, and news. Today it is not uncommon to hear successful young artists referred to as "hot this year" or, in a darker vein, as "done for" or "finished" if, following one or two annual exhibitions, easily recognizable new styles do not emerge.

Originally we hoped to rescue modern art from its ivory tower or, better, garret closet, to see that it sold for sums commensurate with its esthetic value. What has happened economically is common knowledge. Recently I priced the work of a young, tentative artist whose paintings eight months ago were selling for around \$500. Now similar canvases in a more impressive Fifty-seventh Street setting have accelerated to \$2,400. Painted with well-bred flourishes, these big, slightly empty compositions recall in one watered-down echo all the great names of American abstract expressionism. Even before the authentic originators of the movement had fully developed, followers were diluting their work with palatable adaptations. Important artists have always attracted disciples, but today followers appear so rapidly and in such profusion that they literally swallow their leaders. With the relentless pressure for new styles and techniques, a successful artist must also compete with himself, with his own reputation. Often faced with obsolescence before he has reached his prime, he is tempted to deny himself thoughtful gestation periods in order to remain in the public eye.

Originally we hoped to introduce art to a far wider audience through decentralization and traveling exhibitions, a feat now accomplished

with signal success. But we scarcely anticipated that paintings and sculpture were to be exploited as fundraising aids, political ambassadors, and social steppingstones. Works of art are now on the move so strenuously that wise conservators tell us preservation, especially of paintings, is becoming an increasingly serious problem and that this very nobility, which enriches the public today, may impoverish future generations no less than wars have in the past. Originally we hoped modern masters would become as familiar as older ones. We did not expect that the same devotees who know to the hour what Picasso was doing on any day of a given month might confuse Carpaccio with Caravaggio, or Georges de la Tour with Fantin-Latour.

NO one suggests that the popularizing of art has been without valiant rewards, rewards so self-evident that they require neither enumeration nor defense. But corollary abuses are sufficiently insistent to threaten the gains. Though explanations for the present dilemma regularly allude to status seeking and tax saving, there are also less material motives. Recall, for example, the experience of the nineteenth century, when Van Gogh, Gauguin, Cézanne, Seurat, Toulouse-Lautrec, and their colleagues were neglected or ridiculed by an obtuse public. Today, fearing similar guilt, we bend over backward in our zeal to be tolerant. Far from omission, our sin is indulgence. If a work is novel enough, no matter how immature, a permissive audience rallies around, recalling that Seurat painted the "Grande Jatte" in his early twenties and that both Van Gogh and Lautrec died in their thirties, but forgetting that Cézanne and Renoir

developed slowly, that Gauguin's early work was often heavy-handed and clumsy, that Monet and Degas were at their peaks toward the end of long productive lives.

As the history of art lengthens and is revealed in greater detail through exhaustive research, the busy but interested layman understandably limits himself to a period readily at hand. Books by the dozens and exhibitions by the hundreds provide him with information about the present. Today his library may number several monographs on Picasso but rarely a single volume on the earlier painters who nourished this artist. For him, contacts with more varied comparative material could enrich both the scope and scale of his vision. I am thinking of exhibitions where relationships of past and present art are significantly juxtaposed, of books in which a general theme unites art of all periods, of lectures where scholarship transcends minute specialties to reveal that continuity germane to all human experience.

In museums the emphasis is increasingly on attendance, a direct result of those skyrocketing costs which necessitate broad and frequent public appeals for funds. But in the arts, numbers *per se* mean very little. A breakdown of attendance figures would doubtless show how many museum visitors come only once or twice a year in dutiful response to a dramatically spotlighted exhibition. The current philosophy that mere exposure produces serious disciples of art is, I think, more the result of wishful thinking than of proven facts, though the humanizing of museums in recent years has unquestionably attracted a larger and more sympathetic audience. These days, however, more and more money, time, and energy are being expended on temporary attractions, to the detriment of important permanent collections which in comparison are often poorly housed, inadequately promoted, and at times even relegated to storage bins. For obvious reasons most temporary ex-

motive



hibitions are composed of modern works. Installations are often costly and elaborate, publicity frenetic. The entire emphasis becomes warped. Attendance figures are watched by staff members with a passionate eagerness hitherto reserved for research.

Forcing the world of art to compete with popular entertainment seems to me a grave error. For it is not by the numbers who come but by the intensity of their experience that response to the arts can be judged. Most lamentable is the movement afoot today promoting pictures that "talk" electrically. This type of canned, predigested information spells the death of intuition and of the ineffable delight which accompanies personal discovery. That emotional experience can be reduced to capsule form and that valid short cuts to understanding exist are theories I strongly question. At the risk of seeming a purist I denounce our modern mania for "art appreciation." The very words conjure up well-bred, tepid acceptance instead of that total commitment which projects art from the realm of polite culture into the heady world of emotional involvement. Being told rarely compensates for finding out.

ART is even used these days as therapy. Clinically this has proved both valuable and valid, but when large groups of amateur painters begin to take their work so seriously as to show it widely and professionally, there is legitimate cause for chagrin. In very few vocations are the boundaries between the trained and the untrained so ambiguous and so difficult to pinpoint. The new emphasis on anti-art (a mid-century return to nihilism) and on spontaneous action-painting frankly values methods far removed from traditionally accepted techniques. In the hands of serious professional artists this freedom can mean invention, but for the untrained amateur, no matter how clever, the same freedom tempts him to by-pass normal procedures and leap into the ring be-

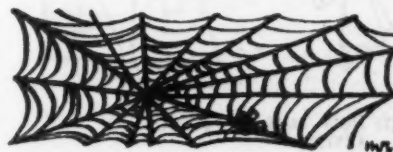
fore he is ready for sustained development.

To make matters worse, dilettantism has not only invaded the practicing arts; it also confronts the art historian and those specialists responsible for public acquisitions. In many cases works of art are purchased for large institutions on the recommendations of trained staff members but the final decision too often rests with committees composed of trustees who have rarely made art their specialty. This situation is not new, but in recent years, as paintings and sculpture have become both big business and public domain, amateur opinion steadily grows more vocal and more powerful. Consider the consequences if trustees of distinguished hospitals were to advise surgeons on the details of delicate operations. Imagine university trustees specifying the content of individual courses. Until the line is more tightly drawn between policy-making and professional duties, amateurism in the field of art will continue unabated. Perhaps it is only the professionals themselves who by intelligent organization and steadfast co-operation can hope to establish an equitable division of responsibility. Whether one be painter, sculptor, critic, art historian, or teacher, training, experience, and knowledge are as vital as in any other profession. Brief excursions into the joys of collecting do not prepare even the most astute layman for qualified public buying.

A widely attended, though highly controversial, exhibition a year or two ago was that of Winston Churchill. No one objected to the showing of this great man's leisure-time output, but many artists and critics felt that these innocuous amateur paintings (curiously conservative when compared to Churchill's trenchant literary style) should not be hung in influential museums commonly reserved for professional work, any more than an important university should consider Picasso qualified to lecture on political history. The fact that more people in a comparative space of time have

probably seen Churchill's paintings than Raphael's is a chilling thought and a comment on the power of publicity.

A QUESTION also worth pondering is why the pursuit of art has become so involved with social prestige. Unlike the situation in Europe, where important museums are often subsidized by the government, in America most "public" art institutions are (inconsistently) privately endowed and therefore dependent on the support of the well-to-do. But no matter how faulty the system, private patronage is preferable in this country to the unwieldy, haphazard methods of political bureaucracy, if we are to judge by recent reactionary decisions of our State Department in reference to several international traveling exhibitions. Because of the constant need for generous backing, the arts throughout history have always been more or less associated with powerful and socially prominent patrons. When, as sometimes happens, these are also selfless and enlightened, the combination is prodigious. But as art becomes increasingly an entrée for the ambitious or a symbol of status for those who have already arrived, public support teeters between the vulgarities of dire inexperience and the dangers of polite indifference. That acts of personal exclusion are as costly to an institution and as wounding to an individual as recognition can be rewarding is worth remembering in a period when art and social aspirations have become uneasy bedfellows. An ironic if incidental footnote to the social fireworks which accompany noteworthy openings, especially of highly coveted nineteenth-century artists like Van Gogh and Gauguin, is not without pathos. The posthumous glitter and glory contrast sadly with the bitterly deprived lives of artists who them-



selves struggled against the very officialdom which now engulfs them.

Our present preoccupation with expansion, with new equipment and ever larger buildings, forces art institutions like other educational organizations to become immersed in fund raising, a problem which seems to be intensifying rather than diminishing. There is no doubt that with accelerated interest comes the need for broader facilities, but somewhere a balance must be found. To what purpose, for example, does the Metropolitan Museum in New York cover several full blocks if for financial reasons it must remain closed one entire day each week? A smaller building with a choice selection of the greatest works always on view would be better. The idea of refining rather than enlarging public collections may be the answer—and might also lead to greater enjoyment through more sensitive selectivity.

Because our institutions are competing for public favor, they sometimes seem more interested in vying with each other than in examining

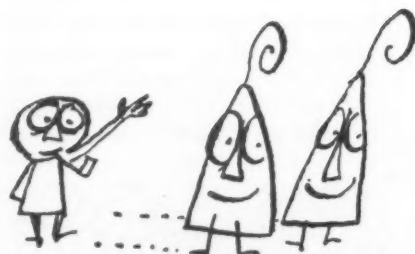
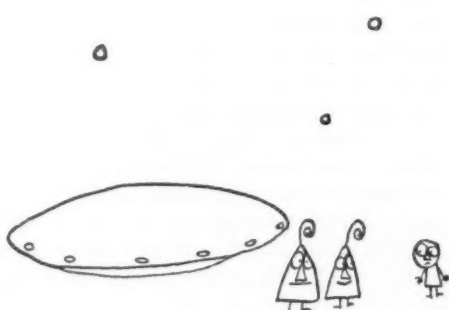
the individual needs of their own communities. Being bigger is confused with being better. Publicity is confused with information. "Gate receipts" and attendance figures are confused with genuine interest. Buildings become more important than what they house, donors more respected than artists. At moments one yearns for the solitude of that nineteenth-century ivory tower.

WHEN so-called art lovers get together these days, conversation is apt to center on tax deduction figures, occasionally to the exclusion of esthetic considerations. There are moments when the drone of prices, values, and tax data transforms the eloquent world of art into the same kind of meretricious commercialism that dogs our daily lives and from which we have habitually turned to the arts for enchantment and release. That our museums have been brilliantly enriched by this very predicament is not to be overlooked. One can only hope that generous gifts will continue but that as time goes on basic motivations will be re-

lated more and more to public needs. Only thus can quality be protected. For the fact that certain works by modern "name" artists are valued unrealistically makes for a dangerous situation. Take for example Rouault, a painter whose early canvases are often superb but whose later works at times seem little better than potboilers. Despite marked differences in quality, the mere name of Rouault assures any work by him a substantial valuation though its recipient not always a proportionately distinguished acquisition.

In fact the whole problem of names is but another symptom of the alarming impact modern promotion has exercised on the art scene. Though one hears "proud possessors" refer to "a Derain," "a Braque," "a Rouault," or "a Matisse," the aristocracy of ownership does not always carry a promise of immortality. There is also a hint of doubt, doubt that only time will resolve when names no longer act as magic passwords.

(1) TAKE US TO YOUR THEOLOGIAN



(2) NOW TAKE US TO YOUR ARTISTS



(3) PERHAPS WE'LL HAVE TIME TO VISIT WITH YOUR LEADERS NEXT TRIP.



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ART

AND THE RENEWAL OF HUMAN SENSIBILITY IN MASS SOCIETY

BY NATHAN A. SCOTT, JR.

THE recollection of the hysterias and the mass inquisitions and the ugly patriotisms of the nineteen-fifties will doubtless suggest to the student of recent American history that the style of our external life during this period involved something radically different from that of the 'thirties, and so indeed it did. The intervening decade was the decade of the Great War and its aftermath, and the difficulties of that time made for a kind of deflection of the national spirit from the tasks of self-definition: so, as we think of the period through which we have just lived, our first impulse is to relate it not to the immediately precedent decade but to the period of the Great Depression and its aftermath. And to recall the sobriety and the heroism and the good faith by which our behavior as a people was generally characterized during that time is surely to be put in mind of the great difference in style that was represented by our national life in

the eras of Roosevelt and Eisenhower.

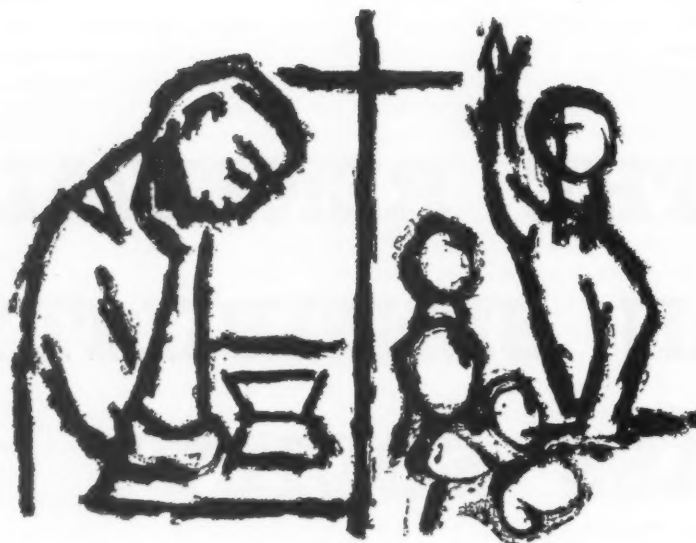
But, beneath the external differences that emphatically distinguish the two period-styles from each other, there is at least one fundamental respect in which the American experience persists along a single course. For, in both the nineteen-thirties and the nineteen-fifties, what is perhaps ultimately the most significant development is the journey through its own interior that the stresses of these years led the American character to undertake. We remember, for example, from the years of the New Deal the WPA guidebooks on our states and rivers and highways; the *March of Time* films; the national histories and biographies of Allan Nevins and Carl Sandburg and Douglas Freeman and Carl Van Doren; the books of social "reportage" by James Agee and Louis Adamic and George Leighton and the Lynds; and the recovery by the folklorists of the legendary hero-

ism of the Davy Crocketts and Paul Bunyans and Daniel Boones. And this vast accumulation of the historical detail and social statistics of our civilization seems today to have involved a kind of search for a national mythology and for the permanent *Geist* of our country's culture. Amidst the dismay and dilapidation of those years, it seems today that we were in search of the living reality of the American landscape itself and of some element of stoutness in it that would enable it to survive the dislocations of economic disaster and social upheaval.

And it is this same passion for self-scrutiny that distinguishes, perhaps to an even greater degree, the decade that has just come to a close. But in these last years one feels that our search as a people has been not so much for the *landscape* as for the *soul* that forms our spiritual horizons. As we have lived through the global insecurities of the period since the War, our great uncertain-

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Clarence Giese

ty has come to be whether or not, amidst the epochal disorder, man really has any good chance—as William Faulkner asserted in his Nobel Prize acceptance speech—of “prevailing.” We have, in other words, discovered the reality of what the Europeans call “the boundary situation,” and we have been in search of man and of some reassurance of his capacity to last. But, increasingly, what the most trenchant observers have descried is not the grand human thing itself but, as William Whyte puts it in *The Organization Man*, “the dehumanized collective that so haunts our thoughts.” As early as the 'twenties this had already become a major theme in the writings of such European critics of modern culture as Jaspers and Marcel and Berdyaev and Ortega. In the Indian summer that we then enjoyed, however, theirs was a testimony that could be discarded as expressing merely the exhaustions of the Old World. But in recent years, as we have faced more deeply into

the American scene itself, we have found that here too the modern populace is by way of being reduced to the status of what Kierkegaard called “the public.”

“A public,” said Kierkegaard in the little book called *The Present Age*, “is neither a nation nor a generation, nor a community, nor a society, nor these particular men, for all these are only what they are through the concrete; no single person who belongs to the public makes a real commitment; for some hours of the day, perhaps, he belongs to the public—at moments when he is nothing else, since when he really is what he is he does not form part of the public. Made up of such individuals, of individuals at the moments when they are nothing, a public is a kind of gigantic something, an abstract and deserted void which is everything and nothing.”¹ And when the human community is overtaken by the kind of extreme functionaliza-

tion of life that is entailed in the logic of an evolving technocratic society, then men wear only the masks that are given them by the social and economic functions which they serve: they feel themselves to be anonymous and have, indeed, become anonymous, for they form what Kierkegaard called “the public,” and theirs is a “mass-situation,” the situation of men who, in their life together, are but “a kind of gigantic something, an abstract and deserted void which is everything and nothing.”

Now many of the most acute observers of the tonalities of our culture have been telling us in the last few years, with increasing frequency, that this is the direction that American life is taking in our time. This is, in one degree or another, the message of David Riesman's *The Lonely Crowd* and of William Whyte's *The Organization Man*, of A. C. Spector's *The Exurbanites* and of John Keats's *The Crack in the Picture Window*, of Vance Packard's *The Status Seekers* and of Wright Mills's *White Collar*, and of numerous other studies in the moral climate of contemporary American life. There is indeed a whole new literature appearing whose purpose is to insist upon the inauthenticity and facelessness of the life that awaits us in an increasingly standardized mass society where the individual is caught up “into the rank and file of some operational combine [or] . . . into some category of occupational concern with all its paraphernalia: code of behavior, standards of opinion, lingo, and so forth.”² “Identification of one's function,” says Erich Kahler, “is the admittance ticket granting the right to exist. And so people tend more and more to touch each other with that externally established functional part of the self, that part of the self that has the right to exist, while their individually human parts, for which no legitimate place is provided in our social structure, become increasingly isolated, unrelated and alienated

¹ Søren Kierkegaard, *The Present Age*, translated by Alexander Dru and Walter Lowrie (New York: Oxford University Press, 1940), p. 41.

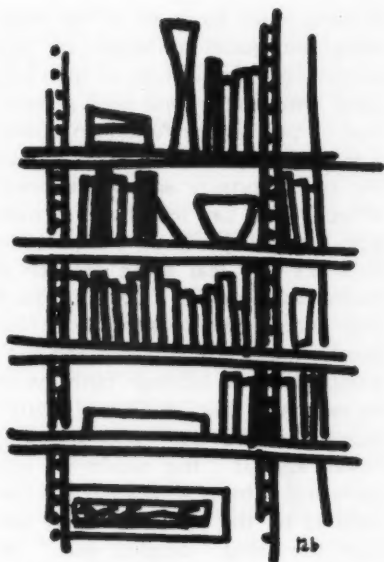
² Erich Kahler, *The Tower and the Abyss* (New York: George Braziller, Inc., 1967), p. 22.

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from each other."³ Amidst this gray, dreary anonymity of "other-directedness" in which men's goals are given them not by tradition or by their own consciences but by the social groups in which they have their assigned functions—amidst this depersonalized life of the "public" mass, men live by what Karl Jaspers thirty years ago called "a conventional ethic of association," that is, "courteous smiles, a tranquil manner, the avoidance of haste and jostle, the adoption of a humorous attitude in strained situations, helpfulness unless the cost be unreasonable, the feeling that 'personal remarks' are in bad taste, self-discipline to promote order and easy relationships whenever people are assembled in large numbers."⁴ All this constitutes, in Dr. Jaspers's phrase, the "universal language" by which the faceless, anonymous inhabitants of our contemporary wasteland shuffle through the dreary rituals of their intermingling.

NOW, despite the somberly prophetic character of the critique that begins to emerge from the new sociology, it does yet sometimes convey to us suggestions of fatalism that very sharply differentiate it from the *avant-garde* social criticism of the 'thirties. For in that earlier and simpler time the focus of grievance for radical thought was, generally, rather highly particularized. One knew precisely what it was that John Steinbeck was protesting against in *The Grapes of Wrath*; one knew just whom it was that a Norman Thomas wanted to call into question; and there could be no uncertainty at all about the identity of Walter White's opponents. Indeed, it was precisely because of the definiteness with which the source of the disorder was particularized that the critical traditions of the 'thirties often managed to be so genuinely radical. But the new social criticism of the Whytes and the Millses assumes that we are all involved in the



Courtesy, Catholic Worker

malaise of an enveloping totalitarianism from which no escape is possible: it does not focus upon a particular flaw in our social structure, but, rather, it calls into question the whole fabric and design of contemporary society. The charges that are made in books like *The Lonely Crowd* and *The Organization Man* are charges that implicate us all in the depersonalizing processes of mass society, and it is the very inclusiveness of this testimony that sometimes blunts its urgency: we are all, it seems, touched by the facelessness and anonymity of an "other-directed" society, and the reign of the Organization is envisaged as a consequence of processes immanent within and made necessary by the exigencies of this present moment in modern history. The tragedy of self-loss is universal, and the new sociology sometimes seems to be saying that to suppose that any really effective resistance is possible is simply to surrender to the last illusion: no, it is sometimes implied, we are all doomed to be the helpless victims of a quietly omnipotent and unopposable totalitarianism.

Now the extremism of this new critical tradition is not, I think, ex-

cessive, for the fact of the matter is that if, indeed, our present situation is truly a "mass-situation," then it is by definition an extreme situation. When the crowd is no longer merely an occasional phenomenon but one of the characteristic forms of human life; when men no longer feel themselves to be subject to moral norms but only to the impersonal necessities of collective existence; when the things that they do are done not because they are natural or satisfying but simply because their Riesman "radar-mechanisms" tell them that to act differently would be to violate the impersonally established laws of the social collective—when this has become the shape and the stance of life, then the human situation is an extreme situation: which is to say that in some sense men have begun to know the meaning of Hell. So it is not, I think, the extremist character of contemporary criticism that is to be objected to—but, rather, it is the fatalism that it sometimes entails, and it is this, I believe, on which it is proper for us to exert a new pressure.

It is true, of course, that, when an enterprise of cultural criticism has as its object the specification of some particular flaw, of some particular disorder, in the fabric of our common life, it is relatively easy to avoid the tone and the accent of fatalistic resignation, for the very particularity of the disorder implies the existence of melioristic possibilities. But when we are dealing with a general disorder, when in some sense the tragedy is universal, when there are no longer any privileged persons and when everyone is equally distant from any sense of security—when this is the extremity of the situation that man faces, as indeed I believe it is in our time, then it is very difficult to do justice to the generality of the *malaise* without, in the process of doing so, seeming to rob the human reality of its radical imperatives and to promote a kind of fatalistic euphoria. And this is, I believe, an error that can be avoided only by our persistence in simplistically putting to ourselves the question, what

³ Ibid., p. 42.

⁴ Karl Jaspers, *Man in the Modern Age*, trans. by Eiden and Cedar Paul (Garden City: Doubleday Anchor Books, 1957), p. 40.

can be done? what concrete steps can be taken to halt the drift of life in our time towards increasing depersonalization? and if the ubiquity of the Organization is a permanent feature of life in a technocratic culture, what can be done at least by way of making the Organization something less demonic and more humane? What can be done, what concrete steps can be taken? This surely is the basic question with which we must be finally concerned.

But, though I am convinced that it is a right attitude of the mind to resist the euphoria of fatalism, I am not at all certain that the *first* questions it will be most fruitful for us to contemplate in the religious community are questions of an immediately and urgently practical order. We must, of course, candidly face the issues concerning precisely how it is that the pressures of creative intelligence can be brought to bear upon the depersonalizing structures of life in a mass society, and we must not attempt, surely, any evasion of the concrete tactical issues of reconstruction. The Christian enterprise must, to be sure, seek a deeper understanding of the strata-gems whereby it may participate in the defense and reconstruction of the human community, but surely the *first* question to which it ought to address itself is not an immediately practical question. It is, rather, a question involving what I should call a theology of the imagination, the issue concerning how the imaginative style of a people may be renewed and reinvigorated at the concrete level of sensibility and life-style. Indeed, the problem of life-style, of imaginative style, may well be one of the central issues facing the apologetic theologian in the years just ahead, and this is an issue to the settlement of which I am convinced he will not himself make any very helpful contribution unless he clearly perceives how closely he must co-operate with the most vigorous movements in the art of our time.

I have been recalling on this present occasion the testimony that

is being made by much of the most trenchant social criticism of our period, that a new type of man has been emerging in the past generation or two on the American scene, a man the operative law of whose life is conformity and adjustment. Which is to say that he is a man who increasingly finds it impossible to make any real sense of such a motto as Dante's, "Go your own way and let the people talk." Nor can he make any sense of the life-perspective of biblical faith, with its notion of the "dedicated spirit" being "singled out" and standing "over against" the world in unwavering witness to what it has beheld to be the truth: the very notion of being "singled out," of standing "over against" the world, is resisted by him for whom adjustment and conformity define the ideal human position. Indeed, the "other-directed" man of our time seems to be without any real capacity for understanding the prophetic religion of biblical faith: he simply has not the imaginative resource for understanding what it is the Bible is

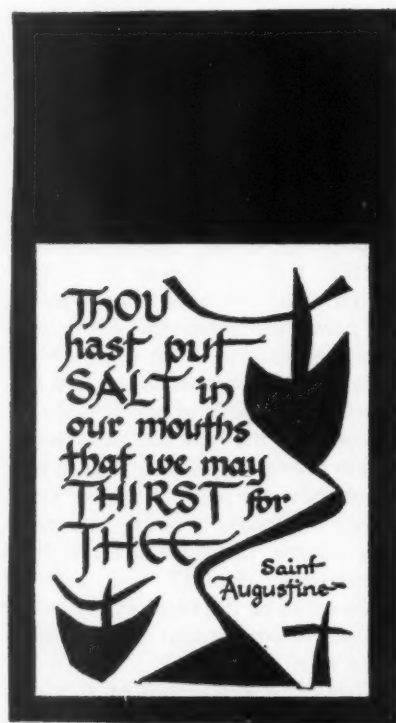
talking about. He may be an ardent supporter of church or synagogue, and yet, paradoxically, the Hebraic-Christian faith, in its moral profundity and radicalism, is something that simply surpasses his imagination. Which is to say that the root-problem of our present religious situation may be one of renewing and reinvigorating that deep and interior order of human sensibility and human feeling.

But, now, what we must recognize in the theological community is that it is not within the competence of the theologian as theologian to deal directly with the order of sensibility. This is, rather, the order in which the artist takes the steadiest, the most permanent, and the deepest interest. For, as the Roman Catholic critic Fr. William Lynch has so finely said,

what the artist is essentially interested in is the expression, involving judgments but in the most visible and concrete terms, of the total life and movement of the soul as it engages with the reality outside of itself, especially with the reality of each current moment of history. I do not think it too much to say that . . . the artist wishes to "save" that soul in the sense that he wishes to keep its various acts of sensibility straight and real and ever moving with a freedom that really belongs to the children of God.

He searches for the rhythmic and spontaneous movements that will accomplish the freedom of the soul, for it is not a set of false or cheap eternities or seductions that will win to this great objective. He so arranges his sounds and images that they judge each other, though not according to the formal judgments of the immediate moralist. He discovers the human in a thousand corners and is the revealer of the non-human for what it is. It is by the inner light of his organisms that he lights up fantasy as fantasy and reality as reality, and reaches all his power by finding and following the lines of the latter. Therefore his work is a human act in the highest and the fullest sense of the term.⁸

What the authentic artist is, in other words, concerned above all else to do is to make us see the fundamental order of the world, and the account that he renders of it is given not in terms of propositions and



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⁸ William F. Lynch, S. J., *The Image Industry* (New York: Sheed and Ward, 1959), pp. 140-141.

measurements but in terms of the rich and strangely irreducible particulars of existence. We speak of *synecdoche* as a device which the poet occasionally uses, when he wants to make an instance of something stand for the whole. But, surely, synecdochism is not merely an occasional stratagem of the artist but is, to some degree, always and essentially involved in his method of handling reality. Joyce's Leopold Bloom and the ghostly finale of the string pizzicati in Stravinsky's *Petrouchka* and the cruelly impervious electric light that glares down upon the wreckage of man in Picasso's *Guernica* mural are all particulars that compel an act of attention upon themselves; but, at the same time, they tell us something about everything else in the world. And this is the perennial mystery of art, that it seeks to master the radically singular, concrete, individual aspects of reality and yet ends by somehow presenting them in such a way that they, in their concrete singularity, become resonant of the whole of reality.

St. Teresa tells us: "I require of you only to look"; and this is, in a way, the single requirement of the artist also. He asks us to look, indeed to stare, at *this* boy in love, at *this* plane soaring through the sky, at *this* soldier's fright before the advance to the front—and he asks us to contemplate *those* images so steadily and with such intentness till we begin to perceive the story or the fragment of a story in which they are interacting. Which is to say that he compels us to perform an act of judgment, and this not at the top of our minds but at the deep level of feeling, of passion, of sensibility, where the men and women of our generation are perhaps most in need of re-education. Of this I think Mark Van Doren is right in thinking that "The simplest evidence is the behavior of audiences at movies which are trying to be tragedies. In proportion as the attempt is successful the audiences are embarrassed, for nothing has trained them in the emotions of pity and

terror; they are afraid to be afraid, and they do not know whom to pity, or when. . . . The embarrassment expresses itself in titters or in audible signs of disgust; they came to be moved a little, but not this much. They brought quantities of sentiment which they cannot use, for the work of art before them is aiming at precision, and understanding is required." ⁶ And not to know how to feel is to be at the mercy of dreams and fantasies and fears by which we may well be undone.

SO we must say, then, that the creativity of the artist partakes of the creativity of religion—for here it is, in the creative forces of authentic art, that the religious community will find an indispen-

⁶ Mark Van Doren, *Liberal Education* (New York: Henry Holt and Co., 1943), p. 162.

sable ally in promoting that health of the imagination apart from which the integrity of man can in no wise be guaranteed. And, since the order of sensibility does not lie immediately within the competence of the theologian, he cannot but regard the artist as one of his most natural partners, for it is the whole office of the artist to liberate the imagination and to train and educate us in the ways of feeling and sensibility. Indeed, perhaps one of the most constructive things that can be done in the theological community today in relation to the whole range of questions having to do with modern collectivism is to work through the first principles of what I have called a theology of the imagination. And this will, I should hope, be an effort that will result in the develop-



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Clarence Glasse

ment of a generation of theological critics so skilled in negotiating the transaction between art and faith that they would be capable of convincing both the artist and the theologian that nothing could be more wrongheaded than the suspiciousness with which they habitually view each other. It is wrongheaded because, in quickening the imagination, the artist trains the human intelligence to make precise discriminations about the dimensions of experience that transcend the gross materialities of life, and thus he may become one of the theologian's best allies in the liberation of man from the predominant platitudes of a positivistic culture. It is also wrongheaded for the artist and the theologian to persist in their mutual suspicion of each other because, in his struggle against the blunting of our sensibilities that the popular arts of a mass culture are so skilful in bringing about, the artist might find in the high drama of the Christian story about reality a kind of support and encouragement. And, furthermore, in turning their salvos upon each other, the theologian and the artist may simply all the more weaken their already none too secure status in the culture, when actually they should be jointly engaged in warfare against the increasingly insidious control of the American imagination by the *kitsch* that is circulated in a mass society through the powerful media of the popular arts, or of what Gilbert Seldes calls "the public arts."

And this brings me to what ought to be a major focus of what I am calling a theology of the imagination. For not only ought it to entail an effort to understand what will be involved in the collaboration between theology and the high forms of art, but it ought also to involve an effort to submit to the closest critical scrutiny all the archetypes and symbols and rhythms that animate our popular literature and movies and music. Here it is that we discover the dreams the people feed upon and what the prophet Ezekiel called "the chambers of imagery" in which their souls are sometimes so insidi-

ously enervated till the astonished observer, on contemplating the mere "gigantic something" they have become, cries out with the narrator in *The Waste Land*: "I had not thought death had undone so many."⁷

So, then, I am proposing that the theological community may well conclude that something very fundamental awaits doing, before it begins to put its shoulders to any wheel of radical and active reconstruction of the "other-directed" culture of our period. And, indeed, I suspect that, increasingly during the next few years, the best theological intelligence will be coming to regard the deepest cultural problem of our period as the problem of reshaping a life-style. But a life-style is something which has its deepest sources in the order of sensibility, in a style of imagination. And so, therefore, though the religious community must attempt to

⁷ T. S. Eliot, "The Waste Land," Part I, in *Collected Poems: 1909-1935* (New York: Harcourt, Brace and Co., 1936), p. 71.

do many other things by way of re-humanizing the "mass-situation" of our period, I suspect that the chances of its doing something really constructive and redemptive will be greatly enhanced if it consents to begin by facing the question as to how the human imagination in a mass society may be renewed and reinvigorated. Which is to say that the exciting and difficult challenge that is presented to us by the human scene in our time is that of searching the cultural experience of the modern period and the rich resources of the Christian faith for the first principles of a theology of the imagination that will be relevant to the spiritual crisis of the present time. And this, I am suggesting, is a theological effort that will require us to enter into a new and hitherto largely untried collaboration with the whole community of the modern arts.

Finally, I should like to suggest that Christian reflection upon the themes of a theology of the imagination will deepen and instruct itself within the framework of reflection



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upon the liturgy. For, when it truly understands its own genius, it is through the actions and the implications of the liturgy that the Church will seek to inform and purify the images and symbols and rhythms that constitute the imaginative style of its enviroing culture. Paul Tillich says: "It is not so important to produce new liturgies as it is to penetrate into the depths of what happens day by day, in labor and industry, in marriage and friendship, in social relations and recreation, in meditation and tranquillity, in the unconscious and the conscious life. To elevate all this into the light of

the eternal is the great task of cultus. . . ." ⁸ And I believe that real progress will have been made toward the renewal of human sensibility in a mass society when the Church not only rediscovers the good collaborators it may have amongst the great artists of our period but rediscovers also the powerful resource that it has in its liturgy for training the people in how, through the style of their life and feeling, "to celebrate the tenderness and the fierceness of the world into which the Creator has put them. . . ." ⁹ To be specific, we must begin our work, in the theological community, not only with

such materials as Kafka's *The Castle* and Camus' *The Fall* and Eliot's *Four Quartets* and Picasso's *Guernica* but also with such texts as Romano Guardini's *The Spirit of the Liturgy* and Louis Bouyer's *Liturgical Piety* and A. G. Hebert's *Liturgy and Society* and the work of the Benedictines of the Maria Laach Abbey in Germany (and most especially the revolutionary essays of Dom Odo Casel in the Abbey's *Jahrbuch fur Liturgiewissenschaft*).

⁸ Paul Tillich, *The Protestant Era* (Chicago: The University of Chicago Press, 1948), p. 219.
⁹ Jaroslav Pelikan, *The Riddle of Roman Catholicism* (New York-Nashville: The Abingdon Press, 1959), p. 166.

current scene

BY TOM LORD

"Pictures of Negro students who participated in sit-ins are posted in some southern towns," explained a leader in the nonviolent protest movement. The pictures are to identify for the townsmen the "criminals" of the sit-ins, and to warn the young Negroes not to return.

Delegates gathered in Denver, September 5-10, for the 11 General Assembly of the National Student Christian Federation, thought long hours about the reports given by Negro students who had been in the sit-ins and had suffered the consequences of their actions. In addition to being barred from returning to their homes, reports said, many of the Negroes were forced to enroll this fall in different colleges.

The National Student Christian Federation responded immediately to the severe deprivations suffered by those in the sit-ins. Bail money and pastoral counsel were given to the demonstrators, while the leadership of NSCF kept its membership well informed on day-to-day happenings.

The 1960 General Assembly of the NSCF—a year-old merger of the United Student Christian Council, Student Volunteer Movement, and Inter-Seminary Movement—thus tried to evaluate the impact of the nonviolent movement in the South as well as NSCF's participation in the struggle for racial equality and personal dignity. After late-hour debate the Assembly voted to "participate fully" in the Temporary Student Nonviolent Co-ordinating Committee, the organization responsible for future strategy of nonviolent activities for integration. The student representatives also called on local congregations of their churches to declare immediately that "their worship services are open for any to attend irrespective of race, to open the auxiliary activities and facilities—Sunday school, vacation church schools, etc.—to all persons irrespective of race, and to fix the date, if they have not already done so, when they will entertain applications for membership from persons of all races who by reason of faith in Jesus Christ seek such membership."

A new spirit was evident in the Assembly's deliberations on the nonviolent movement. Previously, ecumenical meetings have been permeated with theological formulations about the nature and unity of the church. This meeting, however, spoke of *action*. Allen Burry, president of NSCF, stated, "We have discovered our life together in our involvement in the non-violent protests." And, "the time has come for us to quit talking only—let's act." The courageous stand taken by those in the sit-ins seems to have given many students a new enthusiasm to "do" something in their own campus communities.

Other significant action taken by NSCF was typical of its concern for responsible involvement in the world. Students planned a Christmas meeting between Cuban SCm members and persons from United States schools in order to discuss the political and social relations of the two countries.

A special traveling team composed of an American and a Cuban was also commissioned. The team intends to report to local campuses its impressions of the World Student Christian Federation Teaching Conference, a major event in the ecumenical world held last summer in Strasbourg, France.

The Assembly emphasized local engagement in political and social action and Bible study. It also called on campus groups to implement this year's program emphasis, "The Mission of the Church in the Academic Community." Delegates in general reacted against the instigation of more regional and national conferences. The students wanted to go home and tackle their own local problems.

It will be interesting to see the fruit of the students' desire to "act" rather than to "meet." Students are tired of abstractions—they want to be in the middle of their particular attempt to apply the gospel of reconciliation to the place where they live. One delegate said, "We, like our Negro friends who have been in the sit-ins, are ready to suffer."

Let us pray the cup will not be taken away.

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FOUR POEMS BY LOUIS MILES

REFLECTIONS ON HENRY MOORE'S "FAMILY GROUP"

*None separate from the others,
all within enfolded arms,
mother, father, child,
their bodies lean together, breaking wind.
And to the left, the birch trees bending,
leafless now in autumn;
in front the pool multiplying family.*

*These whose eyes look into the wind,
or find at last the child
held suspended from the laps,
find other eyes look back.*

*Other eyes than mine find these,
and other arms suspend a child,
torsos bent against the wind.
But these other feet—not bronze—
move, circling water and the trees.
What brings them here,
or takes them away again,
is mother, father, child,
all three together.*

*Each and all are parenthood amended,
new forever.*



FAMILY GROUP

HENRY MOORE

WHITSUNDAY 1958

*We did not feel the tempest of that wind
 Nor saw the Pentecostal fire form tongues.
 We cannot, now discern that day; it has
 Been lost through years counted by springs' new growth.
 We wish a dream to barter now for then,
 And find in daytime's half-awakened sleep
 The fire and wind. To be a man is what
 Our dream intends, yet manhood's strength, once found,
 Is lost in dream's half-sleep. We wait
 Again for fire and wind, and sigh for rest.*

SUNLIGHT ON A FIELD

*Whose field is this that holds the wild strawberries
 We pick and eat in the sunlight of June.
 We stop a while alone, unnoticed by the butterflies
 That fly about us, unnoticed by the bees.*

*Where we stop in the summer day of remembrance
 Is an illusion of our hearts now—
 But then a field bordered by pine trees.
 We picked the berries, ate them, and lay on
 the grass, uncaring.*

*Broad sky, bright light, our field in retrospect.
 Whose field is this but ours,
 A field of strawberries, a bee, and a butterfly.*

LOST GLANCES

*I do not feel the movement of this wind,
 Nor feel the leaves beside me in this glen;
 Yet I must see their palpitating forms.
 Whose hand I hold removes the wind's intent
 To reckon me with leaves. Whose lips I touch,
 I touch with mine, and wind between each kiss,
 Is lost. It fails to find my eyes or lips.*

THE CASE FOR PUBLIC DEMONSTRATION

BY LINCOLN ADAIR

HIS first demonstration took place one Saturday afternoon early last spring on the corner of 42nd Street and Fifth Avenue in New York City. It lasted only fifteen minutes and consisted of accompanying a few congenial persons who were walking back and forth in front of a five-and-ten-cent store.

A month later he was among a group of over a thousand persons gathered in City Hall Park to protest Civil Defense. It was May 3, an unusually warm day, and he got his first sun tan during his second public demonstration. Several feet of movie film were shot of him and he smiled obligingly for various newspaper photographers. He had been singled out of the crowd because he was one of the youngest public demonstrators present and also because in a few minutes his parents would be guilty of breaking the law.

He would not remember, in later years, sitting on the grass that sunny afternoon and playing with a score of other youngsters, for Sean Powell Adair was only seven months old. But his parents would remember, and they were sure that one day he would be proud of having joined them in a demonstration for peace.

Is there any real significance in these public demonstrations that

seem to be cropping up all over the country? Many people think not. They attribute this growing phenomenon to beatniks, anarchists, communists, egomaniacs, or characters with excessive chips on their shoulders. However, an examination of the facts would seem to contradict this concept. The apartheid demonstrations in Africa, the peace marches in England, the nationwide picketing of Woolworth's and other chains that operate segregated lunch counters in the South, the worldwide student demonstrations (which as I write this have actually resulted in the overthrow of a government) are too widespread and too serious in purpose to be checked off as the work of the lunatic fringe.

Likewise, the demonstration at City Hall Park on May 3 was no hotheaded, spur-of-the-moment rebellion. It was organized by the Civil Defense Protest Committee, a non-partisan citizens' group, and encouraged by the Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy, an organization of growing national recognition. By refusing to take shelter during the Civil Defense alert, demonstrators were expressing their belief that air raid drills and shelters are completely futile against all-out nuclear warfare and therefore a waste of taxpayers' money and a cruel deception

to the American people. The only true defense, the demonstrators maintained, is a constant effort toward world peace, rather than measures contributing toward an acceptance of war's inevitability.

CRACKPOTS? Anarchists? Egomaniacs? Hardly. Some such superficially motivated people will be present at any demonstration, but they are not the ones who quietly persevere despite aching feet, public scoffing, and the threat of force. Most demonstrators are simply people who feel so strongly about a public issue and are so frustrated by an inability to act upon it within the framework of their society that they find themselves doing something about it outside normally accepted patterns of action.

Could this happen to you? Chances are it could. In view of my background I am still somewhat surprised at myself for joining these demonstrations, and even more surprised that my wife, brought up in a typical midwestern home and educated in a state university as a teacher, is as anxious as I am to participate.

Curious about the apparent inconsistency, I interviewed more than a hundred persons who were taking

Courtesy, Minutes, magazine of Nationwide Insurance.

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part in the Civil Defense demonstration. Many of them had never so much as thought about such action and were still amazed to find themselves carrying a placard or walking a picket line. Mary Sharmat, a lawyer's wife who organized the original mothers' group, had been a staunch New Hampshire Republican. Novelist Norman Mailer refused to identify himself with any organization, but he nevertheless felt impelled to demonstrate. A 72-year-old grandmother said she had always

ridiculed public demonstrations but knew no other way to contribute toward a world safe from destruction for her grandchildren. A deeply patriotic college girl told me she had always defended public demonstrations but been violently against civil disobedience—until faced with this issue.

Why are demonstrators often ridiculed rather than judged individually for their integrity? Let's examine some specific examples.

I once heard a man say to a young lady who was one of a group picketing Woolworth's, "I have never shopped at Woolworth's in my life and I don't believe in discrimination, but by God I'm going in now just to show you how foolish you are!" In court, I heard the father of a college boy demonstrator actually criticize the judge for not dealing more harshly with his son. And once when I was participating in a quiet, lawful demonstration I noticed a policeman on duty who had been assigned for thirty years to a corner in the neighborhood where I had once lived. We used to sit over coffee chatting about the old Greenwich Village he knew so well, but when I walked up to introduce my wife he seemed ashamed to know me and called me "one of those crazy beatniks." All these scoffers had one thing in common. They reacted far more violently than they normally would have reacted to a difference of opinion. They were more disturbed by the act of demonstration, which presented a threat to their *status quo*, than with the issues involved.

Fortunately, this isn't always the reaction of the people—or the police. Driving by Woolworth's one day, I noticed a policeman bringing coffee to the demonstrators and I later learned that he had openly expressed sympathy with their efforts.

Another day I saw an elderly lady, who had gone in through a side door and made a purchase without noticing the picket line, apologize profusely and insist on giving a donation to CORE (Congress of Racial Equality).

WHAT is the significance of public demonstrations? I believe they may become the most important single factor in determining the road that civilization takes. I believe this because it seems to me a demonstration is sometimes the only effective means of expression open to people. A demonstration can't be ignored. Write a letter, sign a petition, join a delegation, and maybe you'll be listened to, maybe you won't. Join a demonstration and right away your cause gets recognized. Join enough demonstrations, with enough people who feel as you do, and you might be able to shape the course of history.

"But we must have law and order," you may protest. "Perhaps you have made a case for public demonstration, but how can you defend civil disobedience?"

First, it must be understood that sincere public demonstrators who engage in civil disobedience are prepared to take the punishment that the law metes out. Gandhi, responsible for the greatest peaceful demonstration in history, made this clear. Demonstrators have even encouraged and demanded arrest, believing that such action will eventually change the law.

Leading political figures have recognized civil disobedience as an effective force. In an address on May 12, 1960, at the University of Chicago, Adlai Stevenson told students that "the so-called 'sit-in' movement reflects a new sense of direction, or purpose of self-confidence." He later said, "The thought is offensive that what is right must be won by lonely people sitting patiently on stools at lunch counters." Mr. Stevenson was certainly aware that these "sit-in" demonstrators were disobedient to civil law and often went to jail. Senator John Kennedy must also have been aware that our laws punish

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people by depriving them of employment or education for refusing to sign loyalty oaths, when he said: "If William Penn or Benjamin Franklin or Henry Thoreau attended college in America today, I doubt that they would sign this affidavit (a loyalty oath) despite their great loyalty to this country."

In the case of the demonstrators at City Hall Park, the law provided a punishment of \$300 and/or one year's imprisonment. Newspaper reporters repeatedly asked people if they were aware of this punishment and prepared to plead guilty. There were no defectors—not even when the police commissioner publicly announced that everyone present was under arrest and subject to maximum punishment.

Twenty-six persons were actually arrested and were told by a judge in front of a packed courtroom of sympathizers, "You have done your country a disservice." Although it was pointed out by skilled lawyers that these people had tried legal means before resorting to public demonstration, they were sentenced to jail.

In the belief that these twenty-six had done anything but a "disservice" to their country, thousands of people picketed the jail until the prisoners were released, and it is interesting to note that among the crowd were many who had been apathetic toward the original demonstration at City Hall Park. Ironically, legal punishment often increases rather than decreases the number of demonstrators.

My wife and I joined the crowds outside the women's house of detention the day after the sentences were passed. The picket line was more like a Saturday afternoon social gathering. There were countless baby carriages and strollers, and many passersby joined the line. A woman on her way to market pushed her shopping cart around the line half a dozen times before continuing, and a cellist walked around with his huge instrument until he was almost late for his concert. We were surprised to meet friends who we'd

thought would never take part in picketing, let alone support civil disobedience. One was the wife of a plant manager who had screamed at the injustice of union strikes—and still does. Another was a man who had chastised his daughter for participation in college student demonstrations—but doesn't any more.

A STUDY of history demonstrates unequivocally that public demonstration and civil disobedience are often a barometer of future social patterns. From the Boston Tea Party to woman suffrage to the rejection of prohibition to Margaret Sanger's Planned Parenthood Federation, public demonstration and civil disobedience have been the forerunners of legislation. When dedicated people constantly demonstrate on an issue with increasing numbers, they can't help but be victorious in the long run.

But why such a long run? The cycle could be completed with so much less heartache—and sometimes less bloodshed—if people would only realize the true significance of public demonstration and give up their preconceived notion that such self-expression is limited to crackpots. These critics would do well to examine the history of a social measure they personally approve of. They might be surprised to learn that some form of public demonstration innovated it, and that those responsible for its acceptance and legislation were also considered crackpots.

I believe progress is being made. The public gradually seems to be changing its opinion of demonstrators, perhaps because of the generally favorable treatment given recent demonstrations by newspapers, radio, and television. A *New York Times* reporter interviewed my wife and me during the City Hall Park demonstration and understood why we would be proud to tell our infant son some day that he had been a part of an effort to achieve world peace. A popular columnist reminded readers that the twenty-six people jailed for performing a "disservice" to

their country had merely been demonstrating for peace. Several newspapers commended a group of Brooklyn College students who had been suspended for refusing to take shelter. Across the nation, a student demonstration in California gained national press sympathy when four hundred policemen were called out to remove a group of two hundred protesting the House Un-American Activities hearings. Fire hoses were turned on the demonstrators and several were beaten unmercifully. At the expense of bloodshed and unnecessary suffering the demonstrators made their point, however, and the *New York Post* said: "Once again the kids have made fools out of the adults."

INDEED, American demonstrators seem to be gaining recognition overnight. On May 19 at Madison Square Garden, the Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy held a rally. Twenty thousand seats were sold out and huge crowds gathered outside. The rally was followed by a peace march to the United Nations at midnight.

When the leaders arrived at the U. N., thousands were waiting to join the line twenty blocks back at Madison Square Garden, and this time I saw very few scoffers among the many onlooking citizens of our nation's largest city. I believe the desire for peace was so strong among the crowd that no one thought of the demonstration as a demonstration. Rather, it seemed to be a spontaneous expression of hope and unity and even confidence.

Standing there among the silent crowd, I felt certain that lasting peace can be achieved—if people will only join together and work for it. I was reminded of a remark President Eisenhower made on a television program last August. "I like to believe," he said, "that the people, in the long run, are going to do more to promote peace than our governments. I think people want peace so much that one of these days governments had better get out of their way and let them have it."

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BEN MAHMOUD

what is art?

AN artist, by chance, wandered into a colloquy of divinity scholars. They were intellectuals, adept at annotation and masters of the manual of style. They collated the texts, expertized the marginalia and in the dark recesses of the library stacks they uncovered many devious passages of the mind.

They were also liturgists, of a sort, although liturgy sometimes seemed a bit of a foreign tongue, or rather, something like an athletic exercise beside the exciting pilgrimages of the mind gained from a sitting posture.

The artist came into their midst. It seems to have been something of an accident that he came there; but the scholars seized upon him and demanded, "What is art?"

"What is art?"

"Yes," they insisted, "tell us what art is."

He looked helplessly about. "Art . . ." he began, ". . . art . . . uh . . . art is . . ." and he lapsed into stuttering silence.

"Art is what?" they prompted.

"Art is . . ." he replied.

Failing to extract a definition, they took a different tack. "Tell us what art does."

He looked at them helplessly. "Come on, man, speak up. What does art do?"

Suddenly the artist swung into action and planted a well-aimed foot in the midsection of the questioner, doubling him into gasping pain. The others ministered to their fallen comrade and reproached the aggressor. "You don't have to get violent. We only asked you a simple, and polite, question."

"You asked me what art does."

"That's what you were asked."

"I showed you one of the things art does."

"Oh . . . we see!"

"Do you now?" and he snatched the spectacles from off the eyes of another hopeful scholar, stepped on one of the lenses, walked to the sculptured image of diety at the entry to the

divinity scholars' quarters; that before which they genuflected and which also said to the world about: this is where they study the mysteries of the divine. He hung the broken glasses on the image and the scholars were not amused, although it did get through that he was speaking to them in parables. It is, however, blasphemy to tamper with the image, which, it so happened, was made in their image . . . only prettier. They tried to divert his attention to less vigorous channels. "About what do you paint?" they inquired.

"The image of man."

"Tell us. What is the image of man you most highly regard?"

He replied with a quotation from a short story of the novelist Sallinger: "Every fat woman on earth is Jesus Christ."

This was rather shocking, but they persisted. "What is man?"

"Man," said the artist, "is a basket hunting for some eggs to hold."

They decided to get down to more specific matters. "What," they queried, "is the art technique you find most effective?"

HE took a knife from his pockets and cut his wrists. While some attempted to stem the flow of blood, others called the teacher of pastoral counseling as to what they should do. He recommended Bellevue; whither they took him. From that sanctuary he in due time emerged and through hard work, fortuitous publicity and much luck he became famous.

He left behind, at the time of his brush with the scholars, a portfolio of his prints and water colors, which had been stacked with the trunks in the luggage room, to be discovered when the artist's works became high in money value. Their authenticity was established by a great museum and they were framed in gilt and matted in pastels and hung on the walls a decent distance from the entry image. Visitors were impressed. "Are these works genuine?"

"They have been authenticated as genuine."

"How lucky you are to have them."

"Yes, we are lucky."

—ROGER ORTMAYER